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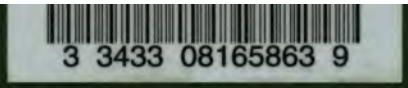
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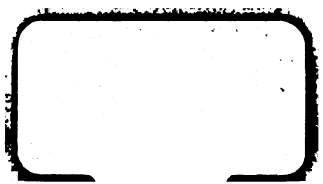

Philopolis

Volume One

N° 15.

Philopolis

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED FOR THOSE WHO CARE

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F. W. Dohrmann
Arthur F. Mathews
Frederick J. Teggart
Lucia K. Mathews
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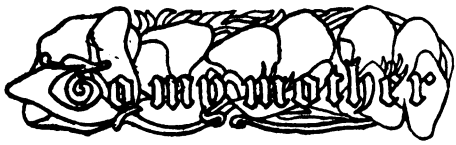
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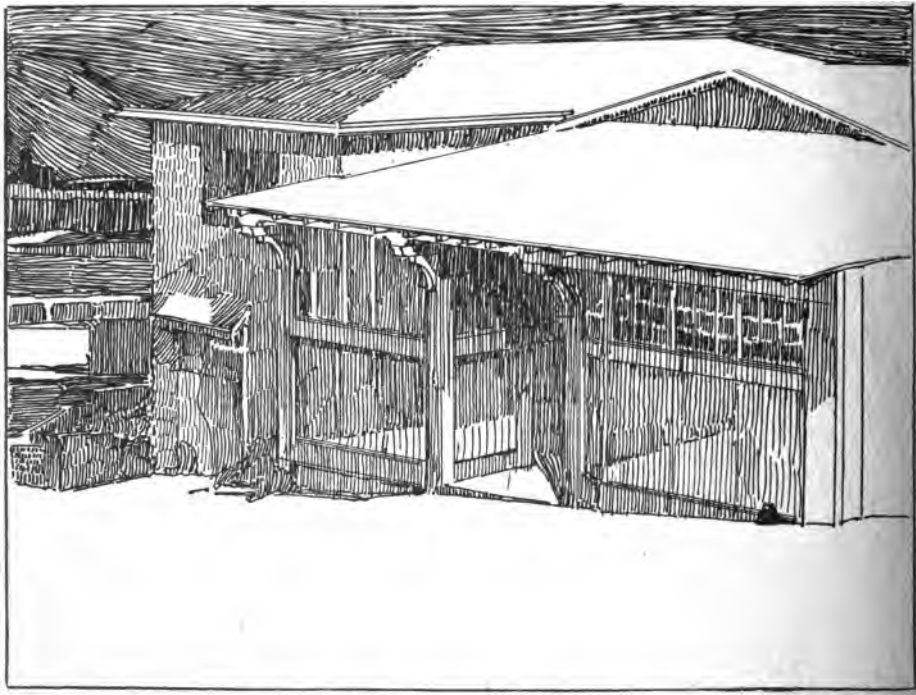
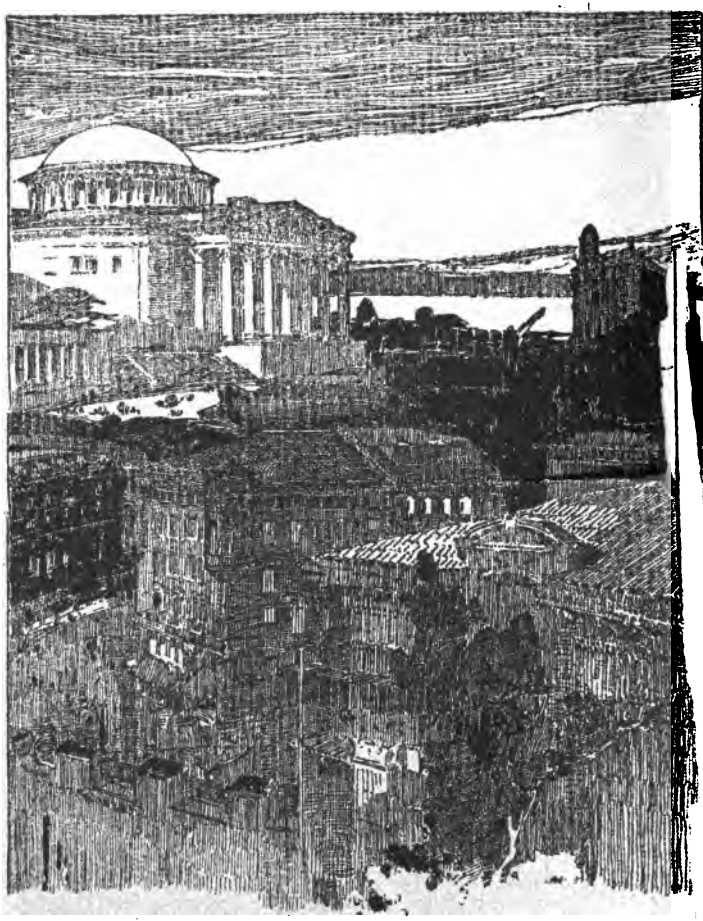


PHILOPOLIS, 1717 CALIFORNIA STREET

What of architectural beauty I now see, I know has gradually grown from within outward, out of the necessities and character of the inhweller, who is the only builder,—out of some unconscious truthfulness, and nobleness, without ever a thought for the appearance; and whatever additional beauty of this kind is destined to be produced will be preceded by a like unconscious beauty of life.

—Thoreau.



"AND THE CITY WAS
BUILDED AGAIN"

Philopolis

VOL. I | OCTOBER 25, 1906 | No. 1

Doing the Town.

By Arthur F. Mathews.

THE tragic drama of April last, with its quickly shifting scenes, had barely reached a climax; the passing of the old city was not announced, when the new was heralded. It was left for pessimism to remember the omission; the other fellow went to work, and there was need of it for the play was not a mimic one—it was no jest. Audience and actor were one; it was ourselves who had been pricked and hurried hither and thither, across the stage, and it was our possessions that had formed the settings.

We were not dead, pessimism to the contrary, so there was nothing else to proclaim but, "Long live the king!" That the City, or what we usually called the City, did not immediately rise Phœnix-like, from its ashes, more beautiful than a dream, was not the fault of our will. We do not live in the age of enchantments—the good genii do not labor for us over night. There is no Aladdin among us with a wonderful lamp. We are a long time in realizing our dreams in the concrete. As Stevenson says, "Even

the artist comes to the point where he is obliged to take off his coat and become the artisan." In building cities we drop a step lower, and the dull rounds of mere labor are ours, long before the crudest of them take shape.

Beautiful dreams, beautiful designs go for naught without work and an infinity of pains. Mere labor begets nothing unless assisted by wit. Mere money never begot anything but lavishness. Without a happy union of wit, labor and money, all our plans for the rebuilding of the town will go for naught.

At the end of the troubled days, when business and the affairs of the household were tumbled together, and the tools of the trade became altogether too familiar with those of the dining table; when in reality the office was separated from the drawing-room by the webs of fancy only, and we were not under obligations to brave the wind and dust of the streets except to sit in the bread-line or do the cooking, we formed the habit of strolling about the town during the early hours of the evening. While these excursions were partly induced by the desire to stretch our limbs, there was really nothing to do but walk aimlessly around the streets, or join some group and listen to the tales of the seven lost trunks.

As the days and nights wore by, we found the motive of the evening jaunt changing. The familiar command, "Lights out," ceased; we had gas and electricity; the cars were running; the shop became more sharply defined. In truth, we continued as a matter of interest in what others were doing rather than to escape ourselves. Each

day brought its little piles of lumber. The huge masses of entangled metals, stones and bricks that blocked all the down-town streets gradually separated; great piles of iron piping, steel beams, and neat squares of cleaned brick and stone arranged themselves, seemingly without human aid, along the curbs. On every side was activity—new buildings were blocked out in a day, and at first each new effort, even if it were but a shambling shack, called for applause. A hundred-dollar shanty excited as much interest in taking shape as that inspired by some palatial structure under former conditions. Soon we began to regret the dull haste of most of the work, and are now slowly but surely dropping into older and more critical ways.

Tomorrow we shall skit around Shackville. We shall have become hypercritical, yearn for the flesh pots and seek out the gilded café down town. Our evening strolls will degenerate into street-car excursions to the theater down town. We will sigh for Bohemia; the spot we used to seek to escape the dully common, even if it were but to plunge into the ridiculous. This up-town busy place is nothing but a phantasmagoria, therefore let us save our criticisms for the real thing, and our queer speculations for the greater Bohemia. Where is that to be?

Trade and the family are slowly settling back to the old ways. The brush and the spoon occupy different tables in separate rooms. Chinatown promises the old stand; the Latin Quarter is gathering itself together; Finance is busy cleaning house, but Bohemia . . .

Those first days! We feel now that there is a slacking off in the zest for the evening's walk. There has come with time the necessity of going out of doors for business. The glare of mid-day and the dust of the streets have to be braved. We get tired again at night. The charm of the evening stroll wanes. The peace that once hung over the city is gone; the atmosphere is again laden with coal smoke; the clang and clatter of the cars disturb, and the glitter of electricity robs the twilight of its soft blues and grays. We can no longer wander over Van Ness Avenue, spotted with stately trees, or look over its eastern edge and take in at a glance the lay of the city, and marvel at its natural beauty; its gently sloping hills; its wide, shallow valleys; the wondrous bay with its ever-changing coast line, drawn by the Master; breathing peons of praise to the courage and energy of the inhabitant in the face of the destroying angel.

The horrid side of the tableau was forgotten when we were under the spell of the mysteries of the twilight. The many-storied buildings down town appeared in sharp silhouette against the sky like huge campanilli, and seemingly arose from still more ponderous structures lost in the heavier atmosphere of the earth. Chimney-stacks, left standing by the hundreds, suggested half-finished portico or peristyle in the midst of great parks. The rigid street-lines played hide-and-seek among the ruins — now sweeping gracefully and in ever-changing line over hill and valley, now diving out of sight only to appear again along the water's edge. The foundations

"LIKE HUGE CAMPANILLI".

of destroyed home and hotel melted into terrace wall, or mounted every hill slope by huge steps. Plant and tree struggled anew for life, and the city was builded again as we had seen it in dreamland. But we came back to Shackville.

It would take a long time to line up all those tenantless streets even with shacks. We were conscious of that from the first. There was much to do and little time to do it—therefor our wildest conceptions of Shacktown did not include the ornamental. We saw only the hastily-constructed shop, house and factory, ugly indeed. That the ornamental should be there was beyond us, and now that the unexpected has happened we don't know whether to laugh at the humor of it or sorrow for the waste. The ornamental, truly, is not essentially the beautiful. Brick and stones and even plain boards may be far more lovely to look upon than the most cunningly devised trinket in architecture. We almost fell over this truth in a back street in the Mission district. It was so tiny. A little wooden cottage, built in haste over the warm earth a few days after the troubled days of April last, told the story. It was destitute of architectural pretense and untouched by the painter's brush, save the front door which was old and probably a part of a former and more ambitious house on the same site. There were no cornice effects; the rough rafters hung over the walls and supported the eaves. The ground about it was neatly raked over. A pathway of old bricks, nicely cleaned and laid herring-bone fashion, without cement, reached from the sidewalk to the front stoop, where the mistress of the household sat

"THE LATIN QUARTER IS
GATHERING ITSELF TOGETHER"

flanked by jardinieres, each bearing a struggling geranium-bush. The lady pleasantly gazed into the beyond, apparently indifferent to our curious, questioning looks, and the flat waste in front. The litter of destroyed home, mill and market that could be seen on every side formed no part of her dreams. Her whole being was enthralled in her home and, perhaps, that of her neighbor opposite which was also hastily built — with a difference.

It was not pretty. The owner wandered aimlessly and ill at ease, in and around the debris of his former possessions. He was not clean. His bathtub rested where the fire dropped it. Time and again he stooped to finger in the dirt and ashes, and in rising peered around each time as though he were in search of something lost.

As stated, his house was not pleasing; it was rough, unthinking, and illy shaped. The chimney took a crook, and the curtains were carelessly strung. The roof was a lean-to affair that reminded one of the indolent, and the whole aspect lacked the flavor of interest. In truth, all the environments of the owner suggested indifference quite as sharply as those of his neighbor across the street defined care. The unwary might have said that the housewife, resting on the stoop of the pretty cottage, formed an artless picture, and that the other group, opposite, was picturesque.

We passed on, ruminating on plans for a beautiful city filled with pretty cottages, with busy workshops, with flowers and trees — a place, we imagined, where one could stroll in and about, comfortably,

and speculate on the real nature of things if he were feeling so inclined.

Yes; the city has a great opportunity before it. The folly of the moment of pessimism is in counting the fallen bricks, and estimating the number of carloads of debris to be removed, forgetting that, after all, these things are the business of contractors, and that cities are only incidentally related to building materials. We know that it takes time to build towns. Great cities do not grow over night—bricks are layed and relayed, street is added to street, and block to block, houses are builded and torn down. Yea! even whole sections disappear to reappear. The country lane becomes a city street, is widened and busy life teems through. We know it takes time and pains, we know that it takes millions of bricks and tons of stone and steel; we know, for we can see huge piles of these things by the curbs on all our streets. Pessimism wastes our time when it recounts the difficulties and measures the lime-dust or repeats the tale of the seven lost trunks for the seven hundred and seventh time. What we would like to know in the face of the opportunity is, where does the difference between a beautiful and an ugly town really exist?

On one hand we are told that the beauty of cities lies in the square, in the street, in its parks and drives; and on the other, that these things are the signs of mere wealth. We are told that the beautiful is art, and that art costs fabulous sums. A city beautiful in ruin is at our feet, and we have seen all the charms of the art in a

tiny wooden cottage that did not cost much. We have fancied beauty in a back street, and found no inspiration in the broad avenue. We have been distressed many times in the old town, and have secured peace in the same place since the close of the tragic drama of April last. We have smiled grimly at the destruction of things that cost and for which we only had the smiling jest before. We see a great opportunity for the creation of beauty in the ruins of a city in which we once saw only hopeless ugliness. What is beauty, then? What is ugliness? We know that the latter has a habit of robbing us as well as costing money, and we have never been made conscious that beautiful things entailed any extra expense, therefore we are inclined to believe that some deception has been practiced upon us — that something has been dangled before our eyes until we can't see straight, and that this something is very like the razors sold at the fair, made to sell and not for use.

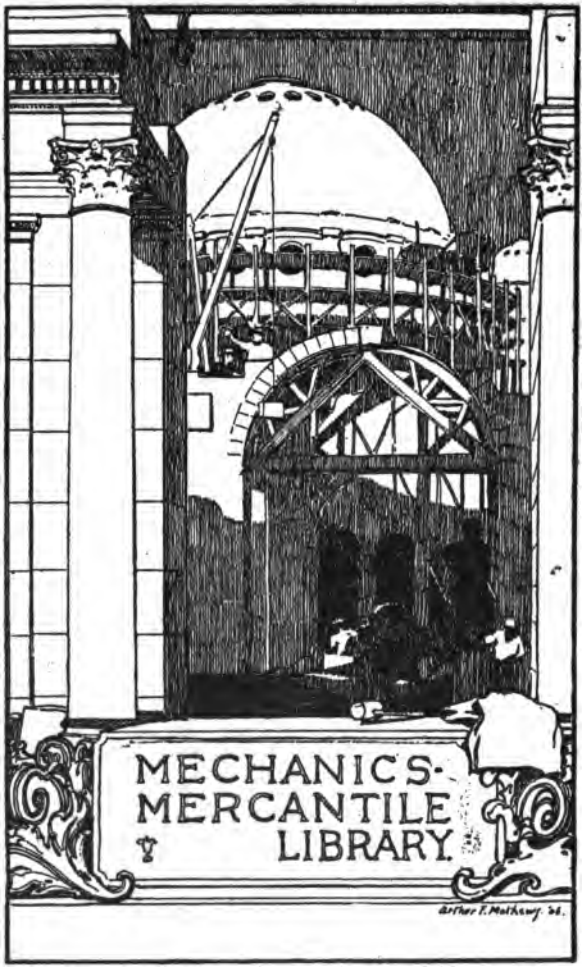
Was it the plan of the city that made the old town less pretty than nature intended? or was it the other things? The plan was ridiculous, and we were made to pay for an idiotic conception; each year, yes, each day increased the cost and moved the innate charm of position of the city further from view. Every month we saw ourselves more and more closely confined in cubes, and as we grew older the pains of climbing unreasonable grades became more acute. We almost sighed for a flat town, and as time sped on we forgot all other ills and blamed the creator of the plans of the city for all our failures to be pretty.

"MOUNTED EVERY HILLSLOPE
BY HUGE STEPS"

But now that we are on the open again and can see, now that all our unfortunate works, except the plan, have vanished, or merely stands in simple bulk, we are given to counting the cost too much or thinking too lightly of it — and in the midst of the great difference are apt to neglect some of those things that were a part of our former failure to be as pretty as we should have been, and which entail no extra expense in rebuilding. Again, we might overlook the failures of the original plan to be economical in money and labor and continue to develop it foolishly. Again, we may forget that the chief cause of failure of the same was in the practical and not in the beautiful.

A winding street starting from the middle of the old retail district and continuing, by easy grades, through the hilly sections would certainly be a practical benefit at any time in the city's history, and it surely would now when there is so much rough hauling to do. But, more important is the question of coming to the assistance of Market Street. Before the eighteenth of April this street was bad enough, but now, during the middle of the day, it is impossible. If it were three times its present width it could not do the work imposed. Nothing but an avenue, parallel to it on the north will ever relieve the situation, except a tunnel and an elevated road — a beautiful prospect before the town, is it not? The new plan shows several new streets that touch this aggravating thoroughfare, and suggests the widening of others that either meet it or cross it, and yet reveals none that could possibly act as an

auxiliary. A new street starting, perhaps, at the junction of East and Pacific Streets, and running somewhat irregularly to Sacramento and Sansome, to north of Union Square, to Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues; and another from Van Ness and Sacramento to the first at a point near Post and Mason Streets might give the practical results, and would certainly be no more costly than the streets on the plan that occupy about the same room and serve no better purpose than to connect a couple of little parks with a civic center that is purely imaginary. The beauty side of the question could very well be left to the future, as it would open up quite a number of opportunities, — but that is another story, and in it, perhaps, rests the secret. The beauty of a town may finally rest with the individual builder — the use he makes of a charming vista or mound, what he places by the edge of the boulevards, his sense of fitness. his appreciation of his neighbor's feelings, and his acknowledgment of what he believes to be the more worthy measure, the general appearance of the city or his personal advertisement.



DESIGN FOR THE NEW BOOK PLATE

DOORWAY OF THE
MECHANICS-MERCANTILE LIBRARY
DESIGNED BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

Comment

Progress is merely the perpetual correcting of errors. What we accept as truth today may be proven false tomorrow; and if we accept it we are advancing. This applies to art, literature, science and the rebuilding of San Francisco. Remember it.

THERE are times when we almost wish that we lived under a monarchial government. At least, that we could call in the services of a monarch who would have the power to make some men do their duty. Men who own real estate, and who have made fortunes out of the people of San Francisco, but who have so little regard for the rights of others as to allow debris to remain on the sidewalks in front of their property, thereby interfering more than anything else with the progress of the city, deserve no more than to live under a despot like the Czar, who would "force" them to do that which every American citizen should be ready and anxious to do. Six months is a long time for even a patient people to put up with what they have from some of the property owners of San Francisco.

WHAT is most needed to build our city is a good Civic Government. The importance of this cannot be too strongly put, and good citizens cannot put in too much time thinking about it. Under ordinary conditions a poor Administration is bad enough, but under the conditions that now exist it is damnable.

Philopolis

THE most important part of the ethics of rebuilding is to remember the rights of your neighbor. If everybody would do this for a week the town would go through such a beneficial change as to astonish the world. Because this has not been done is no reason that it cannot be done.

AT last Mayor Schmitz has left town and given Gallagher a chance to do something. Good! But what a surprise! Who would have suspected that Schmitz possessed so much originality?

THE action of Shreve & Co., in presenting nearly all of the chinaware and art objects that went through the fire to be sold for charitable purposes, is certainly worthy of commendation. All of these articles, as a result of their experience, have a value beyond the intrinsic one, and those who buy them will have a double return. Shreve & Co. have shown the proper feeling.

AS to the importance of rebuilding the City as it was, there can be no doubt. This does not mean to put back the same buildings where they were, but to put back that which made the City. San Francisco was a city in the fullest sense of the word. The only city within a circle of two thousand miles in diameter. There are large towns within the area, but no other city. San Francisco was a city because of its people—its writers, artists, musicians, physicians, scientists, and business men. In other words, it was a "cradle" of art and literature, and all the other things that make the progress of the world. It is easy enough to build a town; but a city is another matter. New York is larger than London in area, and about the same population, but it is a backwoods village com-

pared to London as a city. If you don't believe this go and stand on Broadway for twenty-four hours and count the great men who pass you — then go and do the same on the Strand. You will have no doubt as to the company you are in; and that is what makes a city.

SINCE the fire we have had a few bad things thrust upon us. One of these, although we were bound to have had it, anyhow, is the statue at the junction of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue. The more you look at this the worse it appears. But we must bear it and perhaps some day we shall be able to do something.

AS a practical means of helping the town, the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has set the best kind of an example. They have voluntarily reduced the price of both their commodities. There was an opportunity to do this; and it certainly will be a benefit to thousands who are being overcharged in other lines for the necessities of life. The new rate amounts to about sixty cents a thousand, for gas, which is said to be the lowest rate of any city in the country. We applaud it.

"'TIS an ill wind that blows nobody good." Even the run on the Hibernia Bank was a good thing, it turns out. It was a practical demonstration to a number of nervous people of the soundness of our financial institutions. In no other way could some people have been convinced that the banks were all right. While the run was unpleasant during the time it lasted, especially for the scared depositors and bank clerks, it will undoubtedly tend to frustrate anything of the kind in the near future. After what has

happened a man would have to be a good deal of a fool to follow a crowd and draw a few dollars out of a bank just because somebody told him it was likely to fail. Our banks are sound.

WE hear a great deal about "accidents" these days. They are said to be constantly happening and people are willing to take the word of certain guilty people that such is the case. But if we will look into the matter we will see that there never was an "accident" and there never will be. There is absolute proof of this. What is commonly called an "accident," and accepted as such, is merely an "effect," the result of a preceding cause. This is absolute. The cause in every case where human beings are killed or injured is either ignorance or carelessness. The superintendent of the car-house allows a car to go out with a brake that he knows to be defective, but which he thinks might stand the strain; and when the smash comes he says it was an "accident." What was it? A motorman wants to make time so he lets his car "coast" down a steep grade. When the people are in a hospital he says that it was an "accident." Both of these are cases of carelessness. Should there really be an invisible defect in a brakeshoe that caused an accident we would have to put it down to ignorance. The same sort of ignorance that lets an infant drink lye that its mother has carelessly left within its reach.

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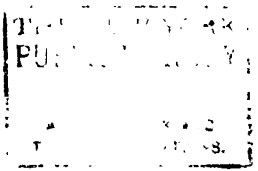


Philopolis

1906

Philopolis

VOL. I NOVEMBER 25, 1906 No. 2

Doing the Town.

By Arthur F. Mathews.

[CONTINUED]

IF ONE wishes to get into the happier mood of the rebuilding of the town, he should retire an hour or so earlier than usual, rise with the sun, and take a trip to the water-front, working his way from there westward through the district north of Market Street. The dumps cannot resist the humor of it, nor pessimism keep its countenance in the face of the bustle, and the joyous color that fairly saturates the section. Wagons laden with golden pumpkins and blood-red grapes wend their way out of the fruit market-place, and keep pace with the continuous stream of sand carts and lumber teams. Flying dust stays close to the ground, and merely tints the reaching shadows of the morning a pearly gray. The black spots under the white awnings of the produce merchants' stores give strange contrasts,

and the sunlight sparkles on brick and stone with jewelesque beauty.

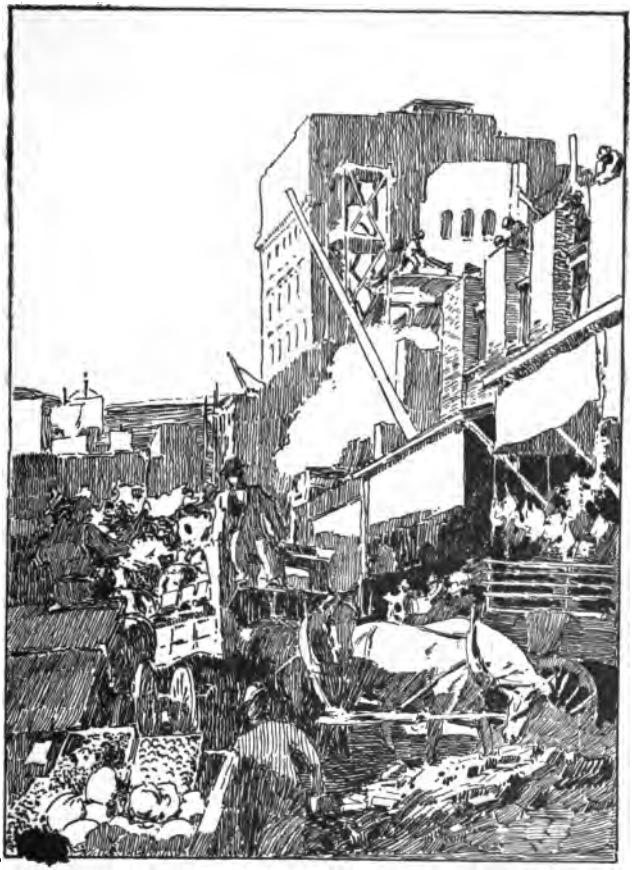
It is gay in the morning by the old market near the water-front.

Go there, if you want to know how much work men can do under the most trying conditions. There are serious lines that even the laughing countenance does not conceal, yes, but what of it? They are only the scratches of ancient history; and then, again, this building a city all at once is not child's play; it is more fitting labor for the cyclops than of ordinary men, still the latter are doing it, and with a laugh in the morning.

Nearer the noon hour or late in the day you must expect to be asked by drawn faces, "What's the hour by your watch?" for it's back-breaking work, and blinding, this handling of bricks, and stone, and steel, when the dust and rust flies higher than the knees.

If you want to feel the prettier side of the tableaux, go there in the morning.

The average stroller, or the busy man, would not notice the pretty effects that have come from the use of old brick in many of the new walls; but it is really interesting when once observed. Black, gold, cream, pink,



"For it's back breaking work and blinding, this handling of bricks, and stone, and steel, when the dust and rust flies higher than the knees."

red, pearly gray, and white bricks, laid in a rambling fashion, without design, lends a charm of color to the plainest building, and lifts it out of the ordinary. And if their owners and builders could be induced to stay their hands long enough to omit the usual coat of plaster, or impossible cherry red paint, we would have hopes that the new town would rise up again all the better for the burning, stand, as it were, finally, as a recompense for the trials and tribulations of the trying days of last April and the loss of those goods which cannot be restored at any cost.

What was it that spared the little piece of the old town at the meeting place of Montgomery Avenue and Washington Street: was it the sentiment of its associations, or was it a mere freak of chance? No. 728 Montgomery Street, the old Contra Costa Water Company's building, once a courthouse, and later made famous in Bohemia as the studio of all the painters of San Francisco, from Jules Tavenier and Emile Carlsen, down to some nouveau who had the hardihood to whitewash out all the evidences on wall and ceiling, that great men once worked and strived within its walls, still stands. Who was it that painted over the lines,

"No record art keeps
Of its travails and thoes,
There is toil on the steep,
On the summit repose."

that were writ there in red, in the old days?

From this point to the Chinese Quarter is not far, and better, it is quite in line with a voyage of discovery about the town. Better still, the impressions of the remaining portion of the oldest part of the old city won't become confused; and if you also have a vague notion that the Orientals are going to locate at the Potrero or on Pike's Peak, your fancies will vanish when you see the solidity of their preparations for a new cover. It is going to be plain brick this time, and although we shall miss some of the interesting old buildings that were once the fashionable resorts of the town, the orange and vermilion proclamations done in strange characters, the bright red lanterns, and the like, will come again, and we shall forget the rest.

Honestly, it is worth while to take a stroll in the morning. The whiff of fresh air one gets is alone sufficient pay for the effort. Without it, you won't be able to fall into our humor, even if you were to care. You will go on wishing for the old town without a blessed idea for the new one.

"The orange and vermillion proclamations done in strange characters, the bright red lanterns and the like will come again:—

and we shall forget the rest."

Just before the muddle of affairs came, a well-known writer, in reviewing the architectural situation of San Francisco remarked, that it is a dangerous business for an architect to go contrary to the building habits of a city, where his work is to be placed, and that no matter how carefully guarded his tactics were, he was almost sure to meet disaster. We were strongly impressed with the idea, and realized immediately that it took a sturdy personality to go counter to the building usuages of this town before the eighteenth of April, nineteen hundred and six.

There is no living peacefully with clapboards smeared with plaster ornaments, and white lead.

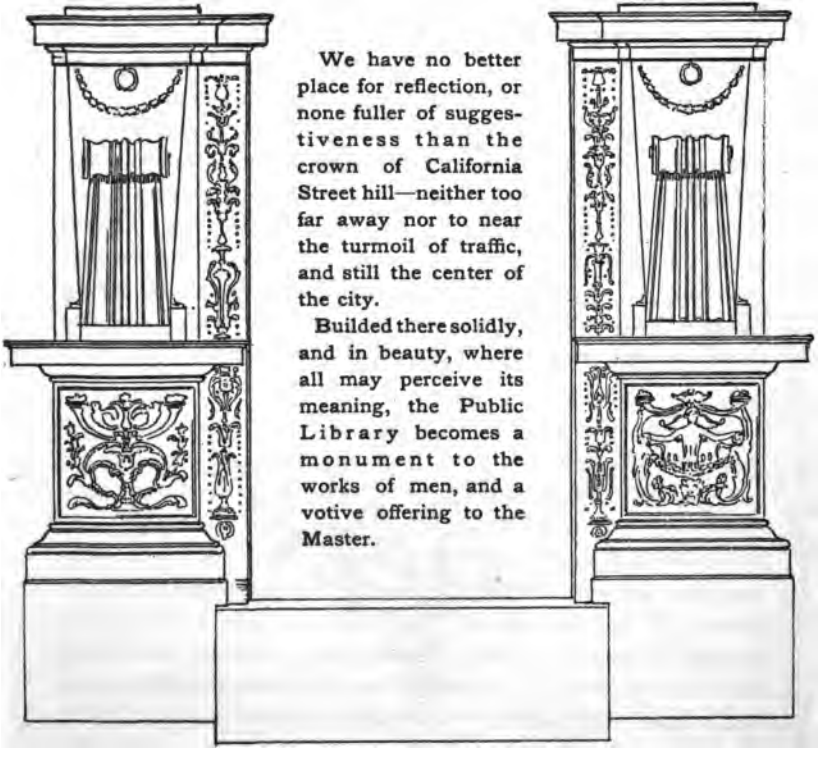
There is a world of difference between the gaieties of a corner saloon, and the happy laughter of innocent party gatherings.

Our town was never given to the somber pose. San Francisco had the reputation of a fun-loving city; she was somewhat reckless at times, and, perhaps, for that reason, if for no other, we may account for the redundance of the ornamental in her architecture. We would not like it said, after a little while, that the town had lost its gay freedom, if it so happens that we rebuild in a more sober fashion; but would rather have it known that we had at

last wisely concluded that the joyous might be pushed to the limit of irritation, which reminds me of a good architectural story.

A friend of ours, on the point of building a home, warned her architect that she would have none of the stucco ornamental affairs some were so fond of using, on her house. In due time the plans were perfected and presented for approval. The finger of scorn was pointed at different strange devices on the elevation drawings: "Take them off the front and put them on the rear, if they must be."

The demand was obeyed literally, and any one who happens to pass through the street below the rear of this house, can see for himself the truth of the tale, and learn the first lesson in taste. Verily, the individual may be a very efficient agent in the beautiful re-creation of the town, even if his efforts extend no further than removing the superfluous to the back yard. The temptations of the draughting board are many, and the one who draws architectural designs gets as much keen pleasure in yielding to them as the carvers of old drew from their work. In either case, the purely ornamental features of designing are but the reflection of an excess of energy,



We have no better place for reflection, or none fuller of suggestiveness than the crown of California Street hill—neither too far away nor to near the turmoil of traffic, and still the center of the city.

Builded there solidly, and in beauty, where all may perceive its meaning, the Public Library becomes a monument to the works of men, and a votive offering to the Master.

Relief and Rehabilitation Work.

By W. F. Dohrmann.

INASMUCH as the work for which the Rehabilitation Committee was originally appointed is about consummated, it seems proper and necessary to review it in order to make use of past experience in adopting a new plan for future work. The Massachusetts Association for the relief of California and the New York Chamber of Commerce, have each placed at the disposal of the Relief Committee, half a million dollars. Special instructions were given how to make the distribution, the principal object being to aid our people to establish themselves in work. To do the work to the greater satisfaction of all concerned, a plan which will overcome some of the errors of the past should be adopted.

I was not in San Francisco until the eighteenth of May, and became a member of the Finance Committee and of the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee about the beginning of July, when the latter committee commenced to operate. Many difficulties and disadvantages had to be contended with, and I feel safe to say that the urgency of

the work required a special body to be appointed, the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee, to do the work in a better and more comprehensive manner.

The instructions which were given to the committee by the letter dated June 29, 1906, appointing the Rehabilitation Committee, were:

"It shall be the duty of this committee to give aid to deserving persons who have suffered by the San Francisco fire, and for that purpose the Finance Committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds appropriated $80,000 in addition to $25,000, appropriated at its last meeting.

"Dr. Devine and his staff has been carrying on this work and has spent $20,000, according to his report.

"Special relief has been defined by Dr. Devine in the official report of the Executive Committee, as including:

"All aid given to individuals and families other than food or ordinary clothing. Its key-note is rehabilitation. Its object is to enable those who are now dependent on the relief stations, or whose means of livelihood has been destroyed, to become self-supporting. The means employed are the furnishing ot tools, furniture, sewing-machines or other things, transportation to other places, or loans or grants of money, as may be indicated by the investigation in each instance.

"Dr. E. T. Devine has been named as chairman to organize the work, and he has been instructed by the Finance Committee to call the other members of the committee together at as early a date as possible."

Philopolis

During the month of July, the work of the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee remained under the leadership of its chairman, Dr. Edward T. Devine. My duties, as a member of the Finance, and later the Executive Committee and other public work in which I was engaged at that time, prevented me from being very active in the detail work of the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee. On the first of August, I succeeded Dr. Devine as chairman of the Committee and continued the work of planning, systematizing, and segregating the affairs of the corporation.

The principles laid down for the work were broad, comprehensive, and elastic, but inasmuch as there were no rules or limitations as to the eligibility of the applicants, and the extent to which assistance should be given, the committee was more liberal than circumstances permitted it to be as the work progressed. There seemed no way of estimating the probable number of applications that would be made, nor what was worse, was there any fixed amount set aside, which would have enabled the committee to know to what extent the wants of applicants could or should be satisfied. The finances of the corporation were in an uncertain state. The amount of

money on hand was less than half of the total amount that originally had been subscribed. Nearly the entire amount on hand, when the Rehabilitation Committee began its work, had already been appropriated for housing and building schemes; while about three million dollars subscribed but not yet paid in, became more and more uncertain, as efforts were made by dissatisfied parties to induce the committees in charge of these subscriptions, to withhold the money, or divert it to other channels.

In the meantime, the relief and rehabilitation extended to applicants during the month of July had swollen to such an extent, that even on the first of August, we were already so overwhelmed with applications, that we were running behind on passing upon them, to an alarming extent. The housing schemes had in the meantime been rescinded so far as possible, but the demands in the other departments were so great, the financial situation and the accumulation of applications so complicated, that it became imperative to close down on further applications except in emergency cases. This action was taken on the twenty-first day of August, leaving us with ten thousand applications in the hands of the Committee and in

the sections, and with about fifteen hundred applications in the hands of auxiliary committees which had not yet been handed in. Including the emergency cases which had to be received, there have been over twenty thousand cases.

The organization consisted of the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee in full charge, assisted by seven branches located in various sections, so as to accommodate all parts of the city. Each section had its own chairman and committee and the necessary working staff, all reporting to the superintendent of the Relief and Rehabilitation Work in charge of the head office, located at headquarters where all applications, after being investigated and reported upon, were delivered for final action by the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee. This system made it convenient for applicants to apply without going a great distance, which was particularly important at that time, as street cars and other means of transportation were disturbed and insufficient. It also facilitated the investigation and reporting of the cases, and enabled the investigators to become more thoroughly acquainted with the territory and the people. On the other hand, it required much more machinery. Work was doubled and

delays made unavoidable, by the necessity of reporting to and communicating with headquarters.

Auxiliary committees had come into the work under the following circumstances:

During the month of July, Father Yorke, on behalf of the United Irish Societies, had come before the Finance Committee to ask for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to be expended by the committee representing the associations named. At the same time Mr. Garrett W. McEnerney had recommended not only that this grant be made, but that the work of relief and rehabilitation should be turned over to the regularly constituted charitable organizations of the city, believing, as he stated, that these orgazinations could do the work better and cheaper than it could be done by the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee as constituted.

These recommendations were not acted upon, but as an experiment, the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee decided to make a test in these directions, and resolved at its meeting held on the twenty-fourth of July, as follows:

"That the committee authorize the secretary to inform such charitable organizations as may have been approved by the committee, that it will receive from them the names of such individuals

as may be in need of assistance, together with the information which would otherwise be obtained by the committee's own investigators, and that such information and names will be treated and acted upon in the same manner, as if made by the investigators of the committee."

Under this resolution charitable associations, mostly of national or religious character, not confined to any particular section, were appointed as auxiliary committees in the work of taking and reporting upon applications.

One of the results of this scheme was that many applications already taken by the sections were repeated. It was also found difficult to have the different sections, (and more particularly those auxiliary committees, which were not as much in touch with the central committee as they should have been), do the work and make the reports and recommendations upon uniform lines, for they frequently worked from different points of view. This was particularly the case when the funds became short, and the Central Committee was obliged to lower the standard for the amounts given in each case. This made certain workers, as well as some of the auxiliary committees, dissatisfied. They rather resented that their judgment was not always accepted as final, and that some

of their recommendations were either turned down or reduced in amount.

Though I should not recommend to again work under two different systems, which necessarily overlap each other, I feel justified in saying that the information furnished, and the recommendations made were mostly creditable and satisfactory. On the other hand, it is to be very much regretted that it took us quite a time to catch up with the flood of applications, which had overwhelmed us.

This feature, it appears to me, was the only vital defect in a system which, so far as its rules for investigation, examination, and reporting were concerned, was based upon correct principles, and was worked out on proper and practical lines. The representative committees in the sections and auxiliaries, could not always be kept posted on the changes which resulted in modifications of the standards, and points of view from which cases were judged; and in consequence frequently did not understand why the head committee disposed of cases reported by them, with changes of the amounts which they had recommended. Had we known all these things and had we had ample time, many of these faults could

have been remedied by frequent meetings, for the purpose of giving instruction and information to the respective sections and auxiliary committees.

In order to catch up with the accumulated applications, a number of the workers in the section committees, as they finished their section work, were made an auxiliary committee to help in the final passing upon cases, for which their experience in the sections had qualified them.

During the earlier part of the period referred to, Mr. F. D. McLean, of the Associated Charities of New York, acted as superintendent and secretary of the Relief and Rehabilitation Committee's work. When his duties called him home, Miss Katherine Felton, of the Associated Charities of San Francisco, who had up to that time been in charge of the workers of the section, took Mr. McLean's place as superintendent and secretary, with location at headquarters, corner Gough and Geary Streets; transferring the force immediately under her directions to the same location. Since that time, as the work of the sections was finished, the members of the section committees and employees still required, were transferred to headquarters.

This gave an opportunity for studying the advantages of concentration of work, as against distributing it in different locations, and I think you will all agree with me that the time has come, and that conditions of transportation are now such in San Francisco, that our future work can be better done if it is all concentrated in one place, in preference to again scattering in different parts of the city.

This is but a skeleton of the past to be supplemented when the history of this work is written; however, it may be of some service in our future work. The objects will be to receive the applicant with consideration; to obtain from the applicant the information required to judge a case fairly; to make such investigations as may afterwards be necessary, without giving unnecessary offense, without being misled or deceived; to come to an intelligent and reasonable conclusion, without unnecessary delay, and to extend and make available whatever aid is granted in the shortest possible time.

For this purpose it is recommended that the work be divided into sections, each section in charge of a committee and supplied with the necessary assistants, all sections to be located at headquarters, each section to have

a special line of work so as to become proficient and expert in handling it, and so, that by this division of work, investigations and decisions can be made, in keeping with the number of applications that are received, which should be limited to the capacity of the different sections, If this is done the character of the work will be more uniform, and the results will be more consistent and, to that extent, no doubt more satisfactory to all concerned; because each committee will hereafter have a special line of work to do, and become more proficient and expert in such line than it is possible to become, when each member of the committee has to pass upon all the different kinds of applications that are received.

There should be an Information Bureau where applicants are first received and directed, so as to immediately reach the place where their applications belong.

There should also be a number of chief examiners, who merely ask the necessary preliminary questions of applicants, to ascertain to what particular committee their applications must be made, so that they reach the room of such committee immediately and, whenever possible, come in contact with one or more members of the committee for further personal interview.

This will undoubtedly give confidence to applicants, make them feel that they are properly looked after, and make them more contented with the decision of their case, even should it result in declining their application, or in modifying their demands or expectations.

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ord, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offences with our hands make them great and bright before us like the sun, make us eat them and drink them for our diet. Blind us to the offences of our beloved, cleanse them from our memories, take them out of our mouths forever. Let all here before Thee carry and measure with the false balances of love, and be in their own eyes and in all conjunctures the most guilty. Help us at the same time with the grace of courage, that we be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting amid ruins of our happiness or our integrity, touch us with fire from the altar, that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city, in the name and by the method of him in whose words of prayer we now conclude.

Philopolis

VOL. I DECEMBER 25, 1906 No. 3

The Renaissance.

By Arthur F. Mathews.

"GO BEYOND the nature of a thing," said Epictetus, "and there is no end." When an educational institution promises, or even suggests that it can give a man something that is external to his nature, there can be no limit to the demands that will be exacted from it; nor any finish to the inferred or direct promise given. Error is heaped upon error until the mass disappears in the mysteries of mystery. Men will ask each other what an education is: "Why is it, and where can I get one for the child?" Knowledge will go far astray to be abused by the evil-minded, and lost to those who could make a worthy use of it.

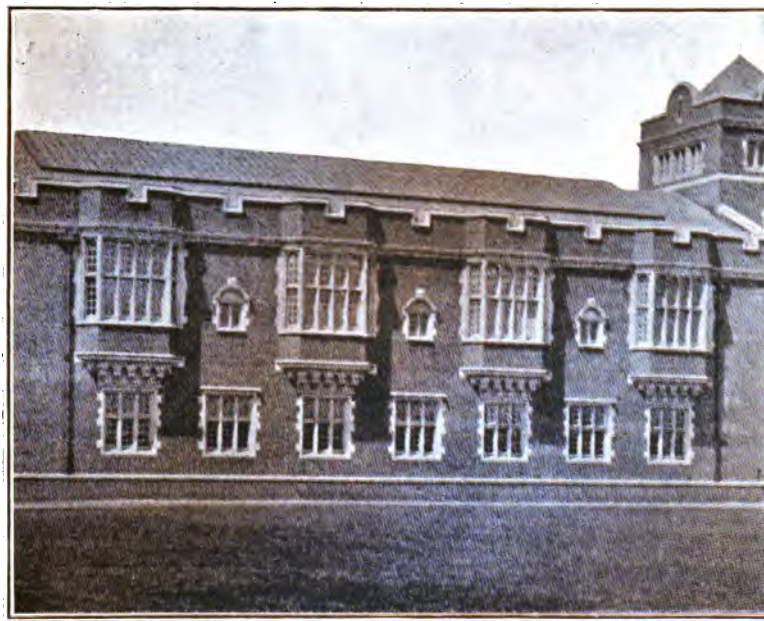
The president of one of our colleges has said that the school of Socrates had certain advantages denied many of our most completely equipped educational institutions

—and it was understood that the mere association with the great philosopher was an education in itself, and that the sharp questions propounded by the master, which demanded a prompt reply from the pupil, were a discipline not to be secured by any other means.

If the object of an education is not to enable a man to make the best and most economical use of the worth that is in him in the beginning, and not that he may benefit himself through service to Society, nothing is known of the matter in this direction.

There is a twang of the vulgar that hurts in the idea that education has a profit-seeking end. It robs the relation of master and pupil of all honor, when put into cold type. It should not be spoken of above the breath —one may understand that when rightly trained he is a larger element of use to Society and may profit hugely thereby, but to say it only serves to darken the object—discipline, and not the discipline of the rod of the once-upon-a-time school master, but the discipline that comes with the conjunction of two planets —one young and innocent, the other old enough and wise enough to know better.

Merely because some children are the better for going



AN ADAPTION OF ENGLISH GOTHIC IN PHILADELPHIA

through a penetentiary system of education, or discipline, or merely for the reason that some cannot derive benefits from the master, does not excuse the general adoption of an educational process, through which all must be forced, that smacks of one or the other, or of both the penetentiary and the asylum for idiots and the weak-minded.

No true reason for the veneration of any institution may be advanced. None surely can be found for a show of egotism on the part of the management of any of them. These simply represent our ideals. When bad, they are very bad. When good, they are only good. When they are founded on good and become bad, they are evil itself, for the simple reason that they still remain good in their advertisements.

Educational institutions that pride themselves on the goods that have come and gone from them, in the master and his pupil, are droll. The beauty of Socrates' school was that it died with him. His did not burn up. It could not, for its classroom was the blue sky of heaven, and the open.

Further, an educational institution that has a course of study in its curriculum that is flouted by its acts, contradicted as it were, by its four walls and roof, cuts a

dreadful, not a beautiful figure. And herein lies our story.

There is something very beautiful about the devotion the city showed toward its educational institutions after the fire. Men, busy to their wits' ends, in personal affairs, found the time to rehabilitate them. There was no great hope of reward, and every chance for criticism — still, except in one or two instances the duty has been cheerfully performed. The interests of the city and the children were not forgotten, or willfully set aside for selfish reasons. No advantages were taken, upon the whole, of the gloomy aspect of the ruins. But few took the attitude that nothing but the grand pose was worthy, or sought excuse for dilatory habits, in the plea that the people were too distracted to read or to consider works of art.

Only a few forgot the children.

The many, while half acknowledging that it might be ten or twenty years before they had time to relax from the tasks of hard business, and enjoy the gentler arts, found no excuse for forgetting the children.

Romance may have seemed, for the moment, a tawdry picture when hung in the gallery of the vivid realities of life, still that was no reason for neglecting our educational

institutions, or for them to neglect us, or the children. We created them for just such conditions. We have supported them for years for just such times, and are proud that in the main they were not wanting at the crucial moment.

They knew, the most of them, as we knew, that the children have to be educated. Busy men and women looked to the fostering, the protecting, the educational institutions to do their duty then, if they never had done it before; and we are proud that so few forgot their duties to the children. They were to be educated, trained, disciplined, and brought into the ways of making and enjoying good works, so that when the promised beautiful, new, regenerated, intelligently-administered San Francisco came, they, the children, would be ready to enjoy it, go on with its embellishment, take a pride in it, and in its foundation builders.

Our pride is, that so few neglected the supreme idea of the hour and did not forget the children,—that so few occupied themselves in unholy ambitions and desires for handsome offices for themselves, while the children shivered in the open.

The public school commencement exercises in the

LEEDS SCHOOL OF ART
A Case of Misdirected Effort and Straining after Simplicity

Park, without the stifling atmosphere of the classroom, in the open, under the blue skies, among the trees, and on the green lawn, was a joyous experience for the children. There was no harm in that and there is but little in the temporary shacks where they now study. We have had worse experiences in better times; but no one may say truly, that the shack is the worst of the evils created by institutions. There are worse and more lasting troubles than colds. The least of which is not the misery of being under obligations to the wrong schoolmaster, and in the wrong kind of a classroom.

Having passed through our troubles, so far, and having thanked the Master of masters that the horizon is clearer than we expected, or dreamed of; and having eaten of the fatted turkey, and being now in the center of the holiday season and on the verge of taking the yearly vows, that the evil shall be put well behind, and the good kept well in front, there is no time like the present, in which to speak for the children.

They are, perhaps, the only proper recipients of presents. Children receive so naturally, that there is no suggestion of a corrupting side to gifts bestowed upon them.

Men may break their solemn vows to each other — all

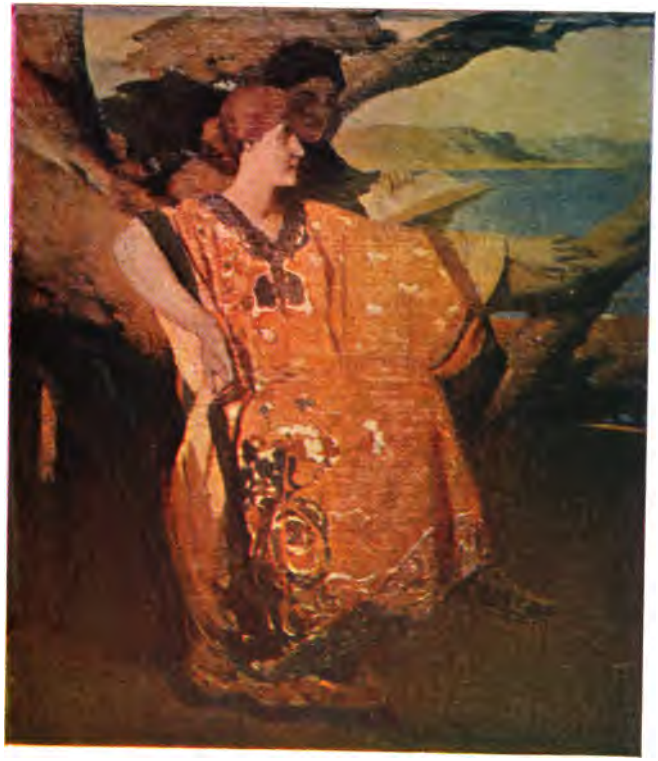
**AN IDEAL SCHOOL BUILDING
CONSTRUCTED ON CLASSIC LINES**

of their moral contracts, all their business engagements, and still escape the prison gate and be received among some men as not altogether depraved, provided they have filched the smooth and even speech from out of the mouth of the Master, as it were, and have the training that enables them to distort truth and make the devil seem fair. But it won't do with the child. Broken promises, promises unfulfiled to the letter, are not to be patched up in his presence or relegated to oblivion by presents.

Try it; and it will be found that there is no scorn like a child's, unless it is his mother's. You are immediately cast into his hell, and only await the stinging rebuke that is sure to come in the child grown to the man.

From every side, at the end of the troubled days of last April, came the promise of a new, a beautiful, a regenerated, an intelligently-administered city. It was vowed that the evils of the past would be shoved behind and the good placed to the foreground.

Stress of circumstances, and the overflowing generosity of humanity toward humanity sunk the individual. What of selfishness, of unholy ambition, of incompetency, that lived in the midst of us was cowed, and our great cry went out for the ideal. The murmur of the timid, the



CALIFORNIA
From the oil painting
by Arthur F. Mathews

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doubter, was sunk in the harmony of things; and the city was to be the consummation of beauty's dreams.

The tall buildings down town stand, seemingly, like huge church towers, ringing out news of the vow. The oath was almost unanswered. Good resolutions went up and up—over the big steps of ruined house and hotel into destroyed gardens where trees and shrubs were struggling anew for another span of life.

We promised too much, and then the vow was taken out of season. Every child knows that. We were not quite responsible; which, by the way, does not excuse the incompetent. And now, having settled somewhat into our regular habits, with the old evils not too far in perspective, and this being the regular period of taking vows, for making good resolutions, there can be no better time for a good clip at the chicken's neck, accompanied with a promise for the better housing of the school children.

It has been said that the environments of the child often exert a stronger influence in his development than the books, or the rod of a schoolmaster. This being so, why teach drawing and color work—art, as some say—in a schoolroom that jars every sense of form and color

in our natures. Why go to the expense of such a course of study in an illy-built, in an unhealthful building? Such a contrast of educational pretense is against accomplishment, breeds contempt for the wrong thing in the hearts of the careless, if it does not truly stifle all desire for good things.

As you know, every child draws after a fashion; many draw fairly well, and some few draw with all the grace, with all the abandon of the primitive artist. The public school has nothing to do with the last, except to let them alone. Such institutions, yes, no institution, has the right to use this work for the advertisement of their school processes. Nor have such, or any, the right to pride themselves simply because native talent happened to find its natural master under their roof.

The public school, in the first place, has no business with special talents, and it is surely terrible when it abuses them, both in its classrooms and in some of its weak-minded courses of study. We know, we plain people, for we have been there; and we have asked the one who draws with all the abandon, with all the graces of the primitive artists, what was thought of chromo pictures, and copies, and droll Japanese inkwashes that were

placed before him, in his public school, as proper things for him to imitate.

"Teacher says," answered the child.

"Never mind what teacher says. What do you think?"

"I think it's funny."

"Do you? I don't." It is horrid when such things happen in a place that fairly screams neglect, ugliness, and the cheap.

San Francisco has been famous for her slate-colored, neglected schoolhouses; but before the eighteenth of April last she decided to do better for the children.

Our Board of Supervisors has now announced that the promise is about to be fulfiled, and we, the plain people, are interested. The opportunity is not to be lost in extravagant incompetency.

Experience, sad but true, has taught us something; it may not be much, but it counts.

Perched on the very topmost scrap of the remains of the Town Hall is a figure done in cheap metal. It was to be in bronze. It was to have had wings — great and spreading like an eagle's. But the infamous Solid Nine decided otherwise — quite as if nothing, not even a statue done in the cheap, should go by and up to the top of

their monument, sans plucking; therefore, the absence of the wings.

There it stood, through fire and distress; mute, stupid, incompetent—the two humps on its back looking for all the world like vultures' wings folded; the flameless torch held aloft, appearing very like a club in hand. But through all and over all, it posed a silent witness to disgrace and distress; and withal, a fitting figure of the incompetent Are the plain people to forget with such a reminder well to the front?

No regrets should be spoken for the loss of our Town Hall because it cost so much. Rather should the destruction of the cheap ideals behind it be glorified, that the children may grow up unsullied by them. The people have always, under different systems of government, delighted to house their public officials in monumental piles. Where there has been a fair show given to competency, leavened with something of honesty, these buildings stand as beautiful examples of what men can do when they know, and are allowed to work in knowledge.

The plain people having no ambition or desires to hold public office, nor any private interests to push under official noses; nor having either necessity or desire to

direct or domineer, or misguide institutions, are in the habit of telling the truth when the great occasion comes. At other times we let the other fellow do the talking.

To us the City Hall and our schoolhouses have been the works of illy-advised bodies, to put it mild.

This is where dishonesty steps in.

It is to be expected that a building committee, unacquainted with the technicalities of an architects' drawings, let alone buildings and their requirements, is sure to choose the wrong drawings. They are, as sure as fate, to be caught by the extravagant — the ravings of architects who don't know. The devil himself could not save such a committee from plunging into one of his own messes.

Solid Nine or no Solid Nine, regardless of the architect, our City Hall was fated in the beginning to be precisely what it has become — a useless, unsightly heap of bricks with the dangling remains of tin cornice and dome.

All things end thusly that begin with men who undertake to direct, domineer, or manage something they were not fitted for by training, and perchance unfitted for in the nature of things.

Nothing is, probably, more painful to contemplate than to see men, who are everything they should be in their

private affairs, go wrong deliberately, or become victimized by the evil-minded, in public or quasi-public affairs. It is surely terrible when they are accused of dishonest motives, when there is something else the matter.

In a course of lectures on the administration and development of public institutions, a speaker dropped the side remark that perhaps every good American citizen believed himself fully capable of directing any of the affairs of an American city — from the mayor's office down. Nevertheless, it is very doubtful if many of them are capable, although they may have the ability, aside from the necessary training? Therefore, it is but natural that almost all should fail in some place where it would seem folly to fail. When the great American people wake up to realities, when they realize that in appointing the good citizen to public office, merely because he is a good citizen in a private way, without inquiring into his training for the business he is to perform, they will see they are doing wrong: — that they are playing the game of sticking on the donkey's tail, blindfolded, and usually get it nearer the right place than is good for them. When they do differently they will get good, clean streets, good sewers, good schools and, perhaps, beautiful monuments to themselves.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON
From the oil painting by Wm. Keith

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Blessed are the blessed! In every schoolroom we are told that every free-born American is a possible occupant of the presidential chair. Good! Every child is taught that it is necessary to be educated for that position. Splendid! But beware of the inference, the promise offered under a cloud of words. Beware of the twist the idea takes in a mind that makes no comparisons, that does not understand the tremendous reservations behind the ideal.

Very pretty picture cards are held up to the child in our school, in other classes than the one in drawing, for him to imitate; and if in the grown man it is found that these coaxing, prettily devised means of inducing him to be properly educated are taken too seriously, well, who is to blame? A very wise teacher of the art of painting on being asked by a pupil if he should paint what he saw, very properly answered, "Yes; but be careful not to see as you paint." He was careful that the child should not mislead himself, and in doing so helped him to become a man at least.

We want good schools, we want good teachers. We need both. We want no promises. We want oaths now. Oaths consecrated in blood that our new schoolhouses

shall be the best plain things that money and wit have to give. We are plain people and want a plain education: no fancy tricks, no chromos littering desk and wall. We want no tin or stucco devices inside or out — no architectural tricks for concealing bad designing for us. The City Hall is a sufficiency. We should have a commission of architects, tried and true, to supervise and direct these new school buildngs. If there is graft, it must stand aside here for the sake of the children. Men who know must here, in this instance, be interested; and if in the end the result is not all that the most exacting criticism demands, we may, at least, know the difference between an artistic shortcoming and an absolute failure. Our builders of the past must stand forth keeping their errors bright before them, and be made to eat and drink them, if necessary, that they shall understand their incompetency, and the rottenness of their city works through the same.

With such an object lesson well to the fore, incompetency might be made modest, in appearance, at least, and the plain people relieved from the impression that every man in office is a thief, when they really know that the thief is the exception among American citizens.

Plain men will not cry thief so readily, when they think they have one in sight.

As a rule, of course, they are only running after one of their own mistakes, having put some one in a position where he is sure to take a trip, regardless of all precautions.

The tableaux of the boy in school, being taught that the presidential chair is an honorable one, and within his legitimate ambition; the grown man about to be installed in the same, with no training that would properly fit him for its offices; and the same grown man, sacrificed and branded for evil intentions, merely because the chair and its offices were impossible to him, and he impossible to them, do not make a pretty series.

There is something the matter with our educator in our ideals, or our sense of fitness. Which is it? Tell us for the sake of the children.

Goodby,

When I call again
it will be as a painter,

Philopolis

WHAT was the true inwardness of President Roosevelt's action in the Japanese school question? Did he really wish to use his so-called "bigstick" on California, or did he simply make a big blunder on the score of diplomacy? That's what we would like to know. The actual legal points on the subject are too intricate for the ordinary citizen to venture an opinion as to the rights of the Japanese to attend our Public Schools with our own children. But in this affair legal points are of no consequence. They cannot be. The question is really a question of BIOLOGY, regardless of President or Mikado, army or navy. We may talk or we may fight, but when the smoke of battle is cleared away the question will still remain a question of Biology, as immutable as the law of gravitation, no matter what the result of the conflict. Were this not so, there would never have been Protoplasmic action along definite lines, and there would have been no such thing as "species." Whether the Japanese are superior or inferior to us is of no consequence. The fact remains that they are *different*. That is all there is to it; and the real settlement can be only one way.

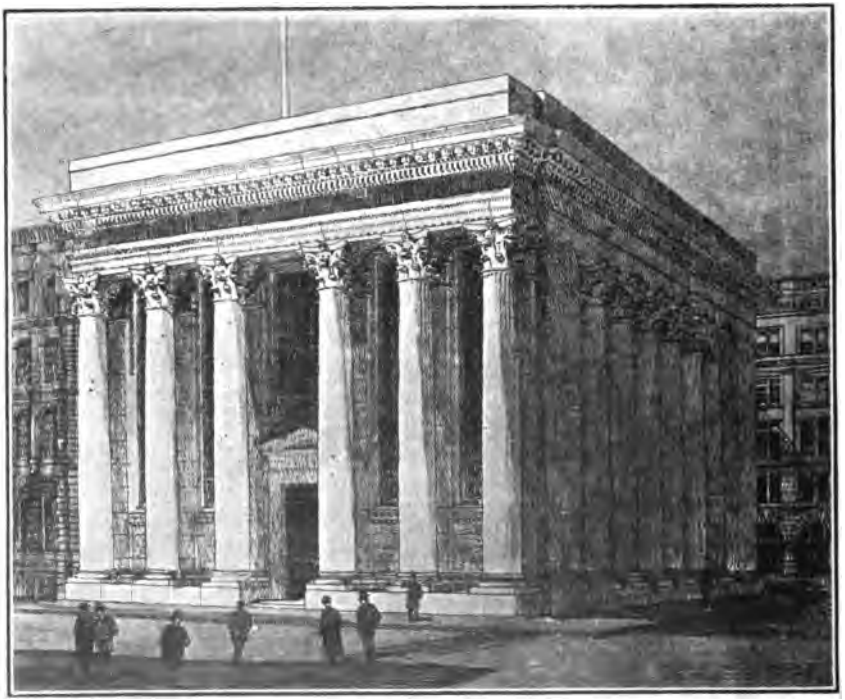
Philopolis

LET us put the new Public Library on the top of the California Street hill. There is where it should be; and although there are difficulties in the way of putting it there, they are not unsurmountable.

WHATEVER may be the result of the present Political Scandal, we hope that some definite information will come to the people. Who is right? And who is wrong? If we gain that information after a fair and impartial investigation, no more can be asked. With that much knowledge the citizens of San Francisco will know what to do. We need and must have a good Civic Administration. Unless we have that, our city may rise from its ashes, but in a way that it would be better for us to have only the ashes, and the honor of the past that went with them.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can ever teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art, of human character,— a wonderful expression through stone, or canvas or musical sound, of the deepest and simplest attributes of our nature, and therefore most intelligible at last to those souls which have these attributes.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson



NEW BANK OF CALIFORNIA
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Philopolis

VOL. I JANUARY 25, 1907 No. 4

The Margin of Leisure.

By Frederick J. Teggart.

"If I am to listen to another man's opinion, it must be expressed positively."—*Goethe.*

WHEN today one puts aside his own immediate affairs to think of the city around him, it is not improbable that a curiosity in regard to the effect of the new conditions upon the people of San Francisco will be found to have usurped the earlier interest excited by ruins and reconstructions. And since here ingenuity and resourcefulness are fully matched by cir-

cumstances, the activities of any group in the community would afford the economist an unexampled opportunity for investigation. But, out of the entire population, it will be found in general that the attention tends to fix itself upon the conduct of the laboring class. For the laborer, in his collective capacity, is the man of the hour, and as a consequence the spirit in which he meets this opportunity is a subject of immediate concern.

In the present labor situation one phase in particular has attracted my own interest to such a degree that I have been led to examine it in its widest bearings. Of this phase the following is stated as a typical instance. Two men were found, after much trouble, to undertake the plastering of a building in the burned district. They were to be paid twelve dollars per day of eight hours. To the disgust of the owner, however, he soon found the men were working but a half day each. When questioned, they explained that they were satisfied with earning six dollars and therefore declined to work more than half time. The cases of a similar character, occuring in various employments from washerwomen earning two dollars a day up, are sufficient to eliminate the element of individual caprice.

Expressed in general terms what is shown by this course of action is that after the individual is assured of the necessaries of life he tends to prefer the control of Time to the accumulation of Wealth.

The chief work of economic science, Marshall says, "is connected with the measurement of motives by the "price which, as a normal or general rule, is sufficient "to induce a person of a particular class under given "conditions to undertake a certain task or undergo a "certain sacrifice. A statement with regard to the ten- "dencies of man's action under certain conditions is an "economic law."

This quotation gives at least a partial clue to the reason why the rule of the Margin of Leisure just stated is not usually to be found in works on economics. For it illustrates the bent among economists to confine their investigations to minima, to base their conclusions on the phenomena observable at the lower limit of the money equivalent involved in transactions. Quite clearly, however, there may be an upper limit where it is possible that new phenomena make their appearance. In the case of the plasterers mentioned it may be taken for granted that such an upper limit has been reached.

The statement of this tendency in connection with the laboring class is significant, not because of a special applicability to this class, but simply because it can be recognized as applicable to it in any degree.

The rule is, in fact, applicable to every grade of society. Thus, the "leisure class" is made up of persons who are sufficiently supplied with the necessaries of life and so make no effort to increase their incomes. It must not be supposed that the "leisure class" is confined to the "wealthy" or the socially conspicuous. Any person with resources sufficient to provide for him the necessaries of life, without present labor, and who retains control of his Time, is a member of the "leisure class."

Again the operation of the tendency may be traced in the commercial classes. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that every man engaged in commerce plans to retire from business at some point in his career. If he does not retire at least he throws the drudgery of his work upon other shoulders and thus releases much of his own time. Here also it should be noted that those who retire with just enough to provide the necessaries in the condition of life to which they have been accustomed far outnumber those who retire with "fortunes."

A modern community contains, then, three principal classes: — people in complete control of their time; people devoting all or part of their time to business in the hope of securing complete control of their time later in life; people whose endeavor is to obtain a Margin of Leisure, as they earn their livelihood, day by day.

The contrast between the methods of the commercial and the laboring classes is characteristic and radical. The business man works for an uncertain accumulation which he does not always get and but infrequently is able to turn to account; the laborer works for a definite modicum which there is every reason to believe he may secure.

But while the case of the plasterers may seem exceptional, the action of the men is in accord with the conclusion reached by Jevons; —

"Laborers," he says, "enjoying little more than the "necessaries of life, ... will work less hard as the prod- "uct increases .... The same rule seems to hold "throughout the mercantile employments. The richer "a man becomes, the less does he devote himself to "business."

With an agreement as to the phenomena there is, however, a wide difference in the interpretation placed upon them by Jevons and by the present writer. Where Jevons observes the conclusion of a series of competitive tendencies in a cessation from labor on account of its painfulness, the writer sees evidence of a redirection of energy, which passes on from the object of labor as fulfilled, to the possession of Time as only commencing.

The object of labor is physical sustenance. "The existence of man," as Seligman says, "depends upon his ability to sustain himself." The redirection of energy which takes place after the object of labor has been attained, has for its object the exercise and development of that characteristic of man which distinguishes him preeminently; namely, the power of thought. "All human progress is at bottom mental progress." The means necessary for the exercise of thought, and so for all human progress, is the control of Time. The factor of Time bears a relation to the satisfaction of mental wants similar to that which Wealth bears to the satisfaction of subsistence wants. As however the latter must be provided for first — the discommodity of labor — there remains for application to the former only a variable Margin of Leisure.

The absence of any comprehensive study of Time as an economic factor is hard to understand. Marshall, who refers to it as "the source of many of the greatest difficulties in economics," treats of it at some length in connection with problems of supply and demand; but the word does not even appear in the index of the majority of works on economics. The different phases under which Time appears, as for example in connection with production or interest, may account to a certain extent for the neglect of it as an independent subject. But the habitual acceptance of terms which obscure its recognition may also have contributed to the same result.

Thus in his essay on *Civilization* John Stuart Mill says: "There are two elements of importance and influence "among mankind: the one is, property; the other, powers "and acquirements of mind." It does not appear that in making this antithesis Mill was conscious of contrasting factors which belong to different categories. As an institution property may be "primary and fundamental," but when, as here, it is contrasted with intelligence, it must be regarded as secondary, as the result of efforts instigated by desires. Physical wants and mental wants may be compared, or the means of providing for each of these

may be compared; so the terms of the antithesis which Mill desired would be, on the one hand property or wealth, and on the other the Margin of Leisure.

The distinction in much the same form as it is used by Mill reappears throughout the extent of economic literature. This would seem to point to the general recognition that man's activity is conditioned by the necessity of providing for two different classes of wants; in the first place he must sustain life, in the second he must make provision for his mental development.

That leisure is the prerequisite of mental development has been recognized by men in all times.

The emphasis laid on it by Aristotle both in the *Ethics* and *Politics,* has been a source of trouble to his commentators.

He says, "in size and extent [the state] should be "such as may enable the inhabitants to live temperately "and liberally in the enjoyment of leisure."

Again, "nothing is more absolutely necessary than "to provide that the highest [the governing] class, not "only when in office, but when out of office, should "have leisure."

And the end of the *Ethics* appears to be that happiness consists in the exercise of the intellect, and requires perfect leisure.

Probably the most remarkable passage in literature bearing on this point is contained in *Ecclesiasticus*, the book of "the wisdom of Jesus ben Sirach." (The passage is however too long to quote in full.)

"The wisdom of the scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure;
"And he that hath little business shall become wise.
"How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow,
"That glorieth in the shaft of the goad,
"That driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors,
"And whose discourse is of the stock of bulls?
"He will set his heart upon turning his furrows;
"And his wakefulness is to give his heifers their fodder.
"So is every artificer and workmaster . . .
"So is the smith sitting by the anvil . . .
"So is the potter sitting at his work . . .
"All these put their trust in their hands;
"And each becometh wise in his own work . . .
"They shall not be sought for in the council of the people . . .

"And where parables are they shall not be found.
"But they will maintain the fabric of the world;
"And in the handywork of their craft is their prayer.
"Not so he that hath applied his soul,
"And meditateth in the law of the Most High;
"He will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients,
"And will be occupied in prophecies . . .
"Many shall commend his understanding;
"And so long as the world endureth, it shall not be blotted out:
"His memorial shall not depart,
"And his name shall live from generation to generation."

Similar quotations, showing the relation of leisure and thought, might be multiplied; and practically every biography of a man of genius ever written might be introduced as evidence in support of the same fact. It will only be necessary, however, to direct attention to some opinions typical of those held by economists today.

"Some surplus over the necessaries of life," Marshall says, "is required to support that mental effort in which "progress takes its rise. It is needful then, diligently, "to inquire whether the present industrial organization

"might not with advantage be so modified as to increase
"the opportunities which the lower grades of industry
"have for using their mental faculties."

Gide also thinks "that we should endeavor to assure
"to all persons a certain amount of leisure, to make
"them free to participate in all those liberal activities
"which are both a duty and an honor."

Aristotle, it has been seen, held that the governing or highest class in the state should have leisure; the mechanic he held could not even be admitted to citizenship in the best form of state. Today, on the other hand, enlightened opinion holds that the laborer should have a Margin of Leisure assured to him.

It is as a symptom of a tendency in modern society that these opinions of Marshall, Gide and others are most significant; the counterpart in the world of thought, to the action of the plasterers already mentioned. What neither the scholars nor the laborers seem to have grasped clearly is that a certain stage has now been reached in a struggle that was old when Aristotle wrote; the struggle for a Margin of Leisure in which to exercise or develop the powers of mind, a struggle

which follows inevitably from the character of the human species.

It is not practicable in the present instance to follow this struggle through the phases of its history. Attention may, however, be called to the fact, pointed out by Fustel de Coulanges, that in the early stages of Greek and Roman society, dominance, which meant the most complete control of the leisure of the group and its accumulated knowledge, went by primogeniture. After a time the rule of primogeniture disappears and, as a result, the younger branches of the family are liberated. The disappearance of the clientship is included by Fustel in this revolution, inasmuch as the client, while in reality a serf, was a part of the family. Later, by another revolution, the plebs entered the city and thus gained a status in the community. What appears in the remote stages of society described by the author of the *Ancient City*, is typical of the relations between the aristocracy, the mercantile class, and the laboring class of more recent times. The "first comers" enjoy possession until the stratum next in order takes a share in the leisure it has helped to earn, and in the accumulated knowledge of the group. As Mill pointed out there is no instance of any class of society, in

the possession of power, ever having used this power in the interest of the other classes of society. Each lower class has been compelled to fight in turn for its share in the Margin of Leisure. For the last century the line of conflict has been between the mercantile and the laboring classes.

In the course of this struggle the upper classes have used many arguments and of these some account must be taken.

Thus men who have had the leisure to exercise thought have always expressed grave fears at the effect of leisure on those who have not been so favored. Gide in speaking of the modern "slavery of machinery," thinks that the slavery of natural forces would have similarly disastrous effects on the men of the twentieth century to what antique slavery had on the masters in Greece and Rome. He fears that the men of today "might in "the course of time have no ideal but that of the degene- "rate Romans: —*panem et circenses.*"

Such views are properly met by the answer "it is "only through freedom to use leisure as they will, that "people can learn to use leisure well."

Of greater importance, however, is the plea made for the "leisure class" on the basis of the service it has rendered to society. Here again the opinion expressed by Gide may be taken. "It cannot be denied," he says, "from the historical point of view, that the so-called "idle rich have in the past performed a genuine social "function, a social function of the very first importance; "namely the creation of the arts, the sciences, literature, "politics, refinement and culture, everything, in a word, "that constitutes civilization. We owe all these things "to the idle rich of Greece, Rome, Judea, and of all "those antique societies in which it must be admitted "that idleness possessed the particularly odious char- "acteristic of being due solely to force, robbery, and "slavery."

Irony could have achieved no more drastic substitution of appearance for reality than this. What history does show is that "everything that constitutes civilization" has proceeded, not from the idle rich but from the Margin of Leisure in the community. Whatever truth is at the bottom of such an argument as that given above rests on the fact that the idle rich succeeded in absorbing the greater part of the available leisure, and succeeded

in guarding the accumulated knowledge of the group from the classes below them.

As a working policy, the dominating class patronized those of the lower classes who displayed genius too aggressive to be neglected; and in its own interest absorbed the brighter minds that appeared among the lower orders. Hence arose the view expressed by Ben Jonson:

"Learning needs rest: sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty "needs council: learning affords it. And from whom "doth [the prince] hear discipline more willingly, or the "arts discoursed more gladly, than from those whom his "own bounty and benefits have made able and faithful?"

In dealing with the people as a whole, the patrician class used its religious and political prestige and organization to inculcate its own views. The habit of respect in the people led most of them to accept unquestioningly the injunctions of their masters "that ye study to be quiet, and to work with your hands, even as we charged you." Indeed the entire resources of praise, allurement, warning and threat have been exhausted in the effort to keep men working with their hands in quietness. Could men only be convinced of the inherent beneficence of toil, could they be persuaded to sink their minds in unre-

mitting drudgery, then the uprisings of plebs, peasant insurrections and latter-day strikes would be unknown. But, fortunately, there have never lacked revolutionaries of independent and aggressive minds to overthrow the plans for a permanent social organization, based on the exclusion of any from the benefits created by all.

It has been necessary here to confine myself to the most general terms, and to state in positive language considerations which in reality are most intricate in character. This is, however, the only method possible in calling attention to factors of social importance which at least appear to have been unduly neglected; there need be no fear of the established opinion suffering from the lack of advocates.

Stated in briefest outline it seems that certain observed facts in society can best be explained on the theory that after the individual is assured of the necessaries of life he tends to prefer the control of Time to the accumulation of Wealth.

On reexamination of society this theory would seem to be verified by the tendency for persons engaged in

commercial pursuits to retire, or at least to devote less time to business as it becomes more profitable.

The explanation here given of this phenomenon is that by reason of the characteristics of human nature, man must provide for two different classes of wants: the subsistence of his body and the exercise of his mental faculties. Time, or the Margin of Leisure, it is believed, bears a similar relation to the satisfaction of the latter wants, that Wealth does to the former.

That a Margin of Leisure is the prerequisite of mental development, has been recognized from time immemorial; but it has been thought apparently that the few only and not the many could be entrusted with leisure. Today we see, however, that not only are economists of the highest standing coming to recognize that a Margin of Leisure is necessary to every individual in society, but, as shown in the typical instance with which this paper commenced, that the laboring class is beginning to secure for itself such a Margin.

**A STREET IN
OLD SAN FRANCISCO**

Philopolis

STRICT criticism in art insists that in every work the design or framework should be in just relation to the elements that composed the idea or matter which gave it cause, which is saying that the composition of any given work should not be contradictory in movement, in form, or in color to its avowed intention for the reason that the result is apt to be a negation. In architecture the general principle that all its esthetic motives — its decorative intentions and endeavors to assume good form and color — should arise, or appear to arise, naturally, from the structural and utilitarian demand of building.

While the rule is not rigidly insistent in practice, architecture which has been guided by a very loose interpretation of the principle is always open to the severe stricture that it is unintelligible. Above all the arts this one is the art of the development of beautiful, or at least characteristic, form and color in connection with works of utility. Our location, our habitation tomorrow, if not today, impresses itself on our characters — unless we are more than ordinarily wary, and are suspicious, sometimes, that the loose habits of some of our builders not only envelope us in the artificial in art, but also have the effect of holding us up to the wayfarer as abettors of the art of deceit, by substituting cheap plaster imitations for the carvings in wood, that sometimes beautify buildings.

When San Francisco rises again, let us hope that she will get out of her bed of ashes and don a costume — of sackcloth if she must — unsullied by paste jewels.

Philopolis

WORK on the new theater now being built on the site of the old St. Ignatius church should be stopped. It is a pile of wood, and should a fire break out there would be a repetition of the Paris Charity Bazaar horror.

THE fate of the California Street hill is still in the balance. Something should be done to secure this reposeful spot to the people. And done soon. The materialist is at work and already ugliness is manifesting itself. You have but to look to assure yourself of this. A more fitting spot for repose and study right in the heart of the city cannot be found, and it is only right that it should be put to its proper use.

THAT the Board of Directors of the Bank of California are going right ahead with the new structure, they had planned before the fire, is one of the hopeful signs of the times. It shows their confidence in the complete revival of the old City that used to be. What more do we want? The picture of the new building, reproduced in this issue from the architect's drawings, tells its own story.

"Simplicity does not mean barrenness. Make simplicity as beautiful as you please or can. But be sure it be done for beauty's sake and not for show."

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
NEW YORK CITY.
AN IDEAL LIBRARY BUILDING TO
CROWN OUR CALIFORNIA STREET HILL

A Modest Little Nation.

by Louis T. Hengstler.

EVERYBODY knows that modesty is a virtue. It is often referred to by that general appellation, and that settles its nature. It is supposed to be confined to individuals; but that is a mistake. There are modest couples, and modest clubs, and modest corporations — of the elymosynary kind. We have always suspected — being driven to that suspicion by generalizing from the simple to the complex — that there ought to be, that there are, in fact, modest races and modest nations. But in the bosom of our solitude we sometimes suspected our aforesaid suspicion of being possibly only theoretically correct; for we searched in vain for an embodiment that could serve as an illustration. We are happy to say that all doubts have been dissipated, that our scientific deductions are verified, that we have found the modest race and nation. Not that we indulged in a Diogenetic hunt with a search light; it was not necessary. The modest little nation thrust itself under

our very nostrils; it filled our vision and monopolized our tympanum with the exhalations and excrescences of its exuberant modesty, and we marveled at our simplicity in not having detected that hidden virtue long before, remembering that its twin sister, politeness, had ever been an advertised characteristic of that dear, modest little nation. Of course! when the gold of politeness glitters on the surface, there must be a rich vein of modesty hiding in the bowels underneath.

"Madam, I am a Samurai at home, a real nobleman of a noble race; I have come to your land in order to cook for you — even unto death, and to serve you and your children by washing your dishes, whitening your linen, or blackening your shoes. Command your humble slave. But I am yearning for knowledge, your American knowledge, and I insist that I must sit in the same room, before the same teacher, behind the same desk as your young daughter in order to assuage the thirst of my burning intellect."

Chesterfieldian bows and flowery language are certainly befitting introductions to an effective demand that the rights of man be handed over to the subject of the Flowery Kingdom on a golden platter.

Is it not a man that speaks? Our Declaration of Independence is spun out of the gossamer of the inalienable rights of man, and our orators mention the latter more frequently than anything is mentioned in "that broad land of ours." The inalienable rights of man certainly embrace the rights of cooks and laundrymen, be they of the indigenous kind, or the cooks and laundrymen of a "most favored nation." What answer can be given to the modest request, politely formulated? There are two answers. The nation, by its Presidential organ of speech, answers: "Dee-lighted to foster your meritorious ambition, O youngest fellow-member of the family of nations; delighted to teach you the English language, free of charge, in our best academies, and to give you a seat on the benches of our Kindergardens (which seem to be just the proper size for you), side by side with our little ones, whose collars you so stiffly starched, and who owe their breakfast and hence their lives to you, O second father of our little ones! Compete freely with our babies in their reading and spelling matches, O ambitious member of a most favored nation! Heed not those men of the Western Sun who would send Mongolians to separate fountains of knowledge to quench their spiritual

thirst thereat; heed them not, O Non-Mongolian, O Mongoloid!"

The Golden City, on the other hand, did not know that the Declaration of Independence, the most favored nation clause or the principles of advanced ethnology were involved in the issue thrust upon it by the modest, though most favored nation. "My most competent, polite and modest little cook, or son of such," it said, "you shall have all the education I can afford, free of charge; nay, more: in order that you be not beguiled and misled by the baby talk which is apt to break loose in my Kindergardens, I will teach you the language of this nation by teachers specially fitted, in schools specially arranged for your purposes. Your progress shall not be retarded by the slow progress of our toddlers, if you are able to move faster than they, and you shall not be annoyed by the demand of your bench-mate, your master's baby, to be taken home to Mama whenever it shall chance to become homesick. I hope that you will pardon my unconscious incivility in calling you a Mongolian instead of a Mongoloid; but, really, I did not know any better."

Which one of these opinions is right? The great mouthpiece of the nation thunders its ukase into a mega-

ONE OF OUR SCHOOL HOUSES—NOT BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD MONGOLIAN OR MONGOLOID AND WHITE

phone the sounds of which are heard in every corner of "this broad land of ours."—"I will teach you who is right. I will send the Army and Navy to administer proper punishment to a city or State that does not know the difference between a Mongolian and a Mongoloid!" We all remember how we collapsed at our ignorance, how we shrank at the growl of Jupiter Tonans, how we hastened to our dictionaries, encyclopedias, works of anthropology and ethnology, in a feverish search for the Key to the situation. But, alas! After all our feverish investigations, discussions, dissertations and discriminations, we got no further than to ascertain that a Mongolian is a member of the yellow race (not necessarily born in Mongolia, and hence including, within the definition, the staff of some of our prominent newspapers), and that a Mongoloid is a kind of Mongolian, which, interpreted, probably means a Mongolian not born in Mongolia. We would not, of course, dare to state our own conclusions aloud, for fear of the Big Stick, and the Army and Navy; presumably the linguists, scholars, scientists, and other Wise Men of the East have also been engaged in ardent research for the same distinction without having reached a satisfactory definition or solution of the difficulty. Per-

haps, after all, a modern definition will be adopted in the interests of good statesmanship and the peace of the world, such as the following: "A Mongoloid is a member of a saffron-colored race that has a powerful Army and Navy under whose protection it can afford to indulge its abnormal modesty." The merit claimed for this definition is its elasticity in view of possible future emergencies. At the present time it would exclude the Chinese whom we may continue to send to the Oriental School; for their army is not yet organized nor their navy in existence, and, besides, their modesty has not yet become such a conspicuous feature. Some day in the future when these contingencies have ripened into facts, the Oriental School may be utilized for the use of Koreans exclusively whose chance of reaching the proper qualifications are slim. Meanwhile, how shall we avert the Army and Navy of the United States from our borders? How shall we avoid the Big Stick, that modern Sword of Damocles, swinging over our ignorant, municipal head? Unfortunate City! visited by earthquake and fire, just rising from her ashes, threatened from the East by the Army and Navy of the Mongoloid race, threatened from the opposite East by the Army and Navy of the United States, in imminent

peril of being crushed and ground between the upper and nether millstone! What will become of us if the Wise Men of our East shall be slow in teaching us a satisfactory distinction between —golian and —goloid? if the Most Favored Nation clause shall be held by our Courts to embrace not only the right to cook our dinners, clean our windows, starch our linen, but also the inalienable right to squat in our Kindergardens in every case where the foreign nation is physically qualified to find accommodation on our children's school benches? We fear that we may be driven, in self-defense, to abolish our public-school system and educate our children at home. Even this expedient may prove to afford merely precarious safety: for a most favored nation, imbued with a modest desire for self-improvement, may insist upon the international treaty-right of adjourning from the kitchen to the nursery during lesson time. We writhe in the consciousness that, unless the evolving rights of the modest little yellow man are permitted to rest in the bosom of our Judges the usual period until Doomsday, that is to say, long enough to make both litigants forget what the issues were, the outlook for the Golden State, and the City by the Golden Gate, is gloomy—in fact, decidedly yellow.

Philopolis

VOL. I FEBRUARY 25, 1907 No. 5

EVERY society has within itself a microbe that spells ruin unless its executive and administrative head has the wisdom of the serpent. In our times the governing bodies of nearly all organizations are vicarious, and as a consequence the movements of these organizations, are about as uncertain as the weather in April. The only regular worker is the pestilential microbe. It honey-combs the constitution and in the end makes it read backward. It alters the course of charity and sends it begging for itself in the name of something else. It saps the honor of an educational institution. It undermines the fair motives of a society, and sends it tumbling into the dust, leaving only the coarse mechanisms common to all our organizations.

Philopolis

A strong executive head may hold a flimsy mass together, and a wise administrative board may stay the labors of the microbe. But all this is temporary and merely announces the eventual crash of a tumbling fabrication.

HE key to the artistic development of the City of San Francisco is, beyond the preadventure of a doubt, California Street hill — just as the foot of Market Street is the first point in evolving a successful practical plan for the city. At the present time all of the ingenuity, speaking both in the esthetic and economic sense, should be turned in these directions.

The rest may wait — a civic center in the academic meaning may drop anywhere at any time without pain, if it is pretty.

By the way, what has become of Mr. Cahill, the architect's plan, published some years past, which offered a beautiful and quite practical solution of a civic center, besides giving Market Street an interesting ending up town.

ART EXHIBITION
SKETCH CLUB
1625 California St-Afternoons-1 to 5
Feb-22nd to March 7th Sundays included

Philopolis

HE Sketch Club of San Francisco, composed of women interested and, as the story reads, active in the field of the fine arts, like the Art Students' League, came out of the California School of Design in the Eighties of the late century. While the first was in the beginning primarily a social affair in intentions, and the second an art school in the chrysalis state only, both eventually developed into serious, full-grown working bodies, and have labored well toward the rehabilitation of the business of the arts amid the muddle which came during the battle of factions in the San Francisco Art Association years ago.

Neither knew, perhaps, the work allotted them at the time of their inception, but that does not matter now. Fate plays many sad pranks, but she plays well on occasions. It was the independent, self-helpful spirit of the League which reorganized the California School of Design in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety. The management of the San Francisco Art Association, the patron saint of this school, merely had the wisdom to stand by and see that there was fair play. The saint got honors thereby and profit, which was well.

And now the Sketch Club comes forward relocated and helpful. To it shall belong in history the honor of holding the first general exhibition of the fine art since the eighteenth of April last, in rehabilitated San Francisco.

Such is the irony of Fate in business and the arts.

It was a graceful act on the part of the women of the Club to invite the men to join them in the exhibition.

There was no satire behind the invitation, gentlemen, in the minds of the members of this organization. So let us hope that the late president of the Association will join them. A long pull, a short pull, and a pull all together may assist the Sketch Club in getting the institution, late of California Street hill, out of its predicament as the League once rescued its school in the Nineties of last century.

Philopolis

PROVIDED Mr. Edward F. Searles desires to establish a hitching-post for the artistic interest of San Francisco, the writer would suggest that the proceeds of the sale or lease of the lot on California Street hill be devoted to the acquisition of the building and lot on Montgomery Street, number seven hundred twenty-eight. And, that the very evident original intention of the bequest shall not be lost sight of, it is further suggested that the same shall be given directly to the artists of San Francisco. They may dissipate it in riotous living, but better thus than by some other means.

The San Francisco Art Association never recovered the blow given it at the time of the secession of the artists and the formation of the Pastel Club.

The microbe had done its work well.

Through a series of wise and half-wise administrative bodies, beginning in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, ending at the close of Mr. Joseph Grants' incumbency of the presidency of the society, there was a show of regeneration, but the wound was too deep. It only healed on the surface.

The artists never forgot that the constitution was altered when the society was incorporated under the laws of the State.

Further, they resented the attitude of the institution when it accepted or applied for bequests in the name of the artists, when it was all too evident that the professional artists had no substantial representation in its governing body.

The society was virtually a close corporation, popularly reputed to be the artists incorporated representative, but in reality it was not.

Its governing body was practically self-perpetuative, secured by constituted authority to appoint its nominating committee and the vicious system of voting members by proxy through a paid employee. Therefore any attempt to correct the course of the society was confronted with the danger of precipitating a fight that promised no better results than the opening of the old wound.

Cooler judgment always counseled silence when the microbe neared some vital point in the institution's incorporated body.

The general scattering of the eighteenth of April last was a little premature. That is all.

And the less said of the events and movements which led to this regrettable climax, the better. A reorganization of the society that does not include a complete

renunciation of the present constitution and all the motives that led to its adoption only means an utter collapse of the society in the near future.

HILE we are irritating our souls in fretting over the failures of the cars of the United Railroads to meet us at proper times at various street corners, organizing Strap-Hangers' Leagues, and blocking the passages of street cars, would it not be well for us to think a little of the other fellow?

The average contractor and teamster in this town has a way of playing into the hands of the critics of the above-mentioned corporation that inclines us to sympathize with it in its colossal efforts to do ten days' work in one.

No love is lost between the motorman and the teamster. We are made conscious of that every hour. If these two factions would settle their differences at some labor-union gathering, the United Railroads, you and I, would be better friends.

If you want something done well, "do it yourself," is a good old adage and good to act upon provided one knows the business in hand.

Philopolis

The resolution of the Draymen's Association, the down-town property holders and merchants to repair the streets in that section of the city looks good.

And the energetic Mr. Duffy appears to know a worthy cause and how to conduct himself in accomplishing the same. Every administrative body, apparently, has its hearts and spades as well as its clubs and diamonds. If the heart of the executive head beats true and it knows where to use the spade, all is well.

We are informed through the daily press that a desperate attempt to rob poor men who desire to build one-thousand-dollar homes for themselves has been foiled again, in the State Assembly. It is said an architectural trust of huge proportions has been downed in its inception. "Assembly Bill, No. 453," quoth the reporter, "had a large bug in it, a bug of a golden hue, and was meant to fill the pockets of architects with golden eggs."

The imaginations of some reporters are large, but their knowledge seldom proves deep when it comes to the practices of the arts.

Philopolis

PLEASANTRY or irony of Fate — one does not know which, has caused the departure of the father of our late lamented town and the school board of San Francisco on a junketing trip to our beloved national city.

The writer in various humors and moments has had it come to him that, after all is said perhaps the outcome of this whole Japanese infantilcism would be a victorious march with a Don Quixote incident as a climax.

In the friendly tournament about to assemble at the call of the Big Stick, it is sincerely hoped that the Knight of the fair lady of Nippon will succeed in puncturing one windmill, at least; but better and more to our liking would be a hurly-burly in the jousts where two were put out of business — the artist of the visitors returning with happy illustration only of the wind-swept mills, blazoned with knights errant and lions couchant.

With such a picture of such a subject, we could pass one another on the street, with good face perchance, saying as we went, "That was the issue of our labors of pain — incompetency made imperfect."

"READY TO START THE TREMENDOUS TASK BEFORE US." LOOKING FROM CALIFORNIA UP MONTGOMERY STREET AUGUST, 1907.

George Washington.

By INA COOLBRITH.

This was the man who led
  Our fathers in the fight!
Thin ranks, ill clad, ill fed,
  Ill armed, but mailed in Right.

With purpose that defied
  Hot fen and icy gorge,
The Delaware's dark tide,
  The snows of Valley Forge;

Courage, that would not yield,—
  Though a feeble folk were we,—
'Till from the foes' red field
  They passed out MEN and FREE.

Simple his creed to scan,
  Broad as his Country's sod:
"Love for his fellow man,
  Truth, honor, faith in God."

He left a Nation pure
  In Patriot blood; at peace;
Strong-builded, to endure
  'Till time itself should cease.

Could he behold today
  The Land his valor won,
What word were his to say?
  What word—great Washington?

"A thought not put into action is a thought wasted"

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE
By HEINRICH HOFMANN

Doings of Our Churches

Assisted by Dr. David Evans, Rev. Wm. Kirk Guthrie
Dr. Geo. C. Adams and Rev. F. W. Clampett

There is nothing more interesting than the work which has been done by the churches within the past year, and they seem deserving of some comment in this the Easter season. The walls of most of the churches remained standing and in their semi-ruined state became, perhaps, more appealing to our innermost emotions. Grace Church, the Mission Street Church, and the Sutter Street Synagogue have all roused enthusiasm in

us. Quite in contrast is the sight of the old Spanish Church. There could not be anything more simple. A straight roof drawn over the foundations of the old rectory, forms the church. The father in charge will lead you around. At the side, on the site of the old church, is the colony of Spanish refugees in two rows of buildings closely huddled together, with the linen, bright colored, flying on strings overhead in the brisk breeze of a fresh California March morning. Not beautiful to look at is the corner, you will say, at first sight, but the charm will come, and if you let yourself grow reminiscent the former glory and romance of the early supremacy of Spain will force itself upon you. They suffered much, most of these churches, still each has been brave and is ready to show something done.

In order to have a more correct view of the work which each congregation has done, we have asked them to give us their story. Our interest rises from all sides of our city naturally to its crowning hill and the colony which has been established there by the Episcopal Diocese which has been embraced so warmly and so nicely described for us by

DR. DAVID EVANS

Philopolis

"In the days to come no block in all the City of San Francisco will speak more eloquently of the epoch-making disaster of April, 1906, as the block on California Street, where before the earthquake and the fire stood the two great mansions of the Crocker families. On this unsurpassable site, the munificent gift of the families in question to the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of California (and, be it noted, the one and only monumental gift that has accrued to any religious or charitable society in the city as the result of the cataclysm) will have risen in the course of the next decade the stately proportions of a great Gothic cathedral which, while perpetuating in its name the traditions and history of the

GRACE CHURCH

beautiful church built by the pioneers on the corner of California and Stockton Streets, will realize the long-cherished vision of a far-sighted bishop as a center of diocesan interest and activities. It is planned to erect the cathedral on the west side of the block between California and Sacramento Streets, and there is every prospect that work will be begun on the crypt in the course of the next two years. As time goes on all the other buildings related to the cathedral will be grouped beneath its shadow — the bishop's residence, the houses of the clergy on the cathedral staff, the diocesan house, and the divinity school, arranged on the other sides in such a way as to make an ideal cathedral 'close.' All this will seem to some very much like building castles in the air, but there are others who believe 'that this generation shall not pass away before all these things are fulfilled,' and when it is a concrete or a reinforced concrete fact there will certainly, as we have said, be no more eloquent sermon in masonry of the great earthquake and fire in all of our greater and more beautiful San Francisco than Grace Cathedral and the concrete buildings grouped about it, and the story of the 'alabaster box of ointment, very precious,' which a

certain woman poured over the feet of Christ will live again in a California setting.

"At the present moment there is being built on the northeast corner of the block a little church to seat three hundred persons, which will be the 'omega' of the parish proper, for when the crypt of the cathedral is ready then the life of the cathedral will begin and the parish will be merged in the larger corporation. The first Grace Church was built in 1849 on the corner of Powell and John Streets (west side), by Dr. Ver Mehr, the first pastor, and was sixty feet long by twenty feet wide, at a cost of about eight thousand dollars. 'It was a plain building,' says Dr. Ewer, in his parish *Chronicles*, 'a

"A LITTLE CAURCH TO SEAT THREE HUNDRED"

mere barn, lumber being in those days four hundred dollars a thousand feet and labor sixteen dollars a day! The church was free, the expenses being paid wholly by the offertory, which averaged nearly four hundred dollars a month'."

Such was the beginning of the Episcopal Diocese in San Francisco, and now it has the opportunity to present to our city the crowning glory of cathedral work—for no more beautiful site could well be found, even in San Francisco.

It would be lovely to stay right here and wander into all the possible schemes for beautifying this superb spot, but we must go on. As we look toward the southwest the very pretty outlines of the First Presbyterian Church attract our attention, whose tale is told by the

REV. WILLIAM KIRK GUTHRIE.

"A church occupies a peculiar place in the hearts of its people — it is the place where the great common interest of the members finds its expression, where they find themselves united in a bond the strength of which is only known when you try to break it to others, many of a home they do not even know by name, and this loyalty

is usually in inverse ratio to the grandeur of the building or the power of the organization. This is to my mind

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

the best argument for the little churches, and if the little churches would help and love one another, all would be well.

"The First Presbyterian Church, which is now located on the north side of Washington Street, between Polk and Van Ness, has had a fiery experience, having been destroyed by fire three times. This church, the pioneer Protestant church of California, has had a most moving history; established first of all in a tent on the shores of San Francisco Bay in the year 1849, it was replaced by a wooden structure sent around the Horn in sections, the gift from Scotch Presbyterians in New York City, and was burned in the early fifties. This was followed by a building of wood and then came a permanent brick building which, till the time of the fire, was the Chinese Presbyterian Church, from which building the congregation moved to the corner of Sacramento and Van Ness, where they had worshipped for eighteen years, till the fire of April 18th last destroyed the property.

"When we had lost our building on Sacramento Street but had discovered that the best part of the congregation had not perished in the fire, after a few months' rest in the shelter of Calvary Church, we decided that it would be best to have a building of our own. On looking around amongst the buildings which were springing up on the edge of the fire-line like the flowers on the edge of the

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

snow, we spied the little shop of Paul Elder — something like that is what we want — thus the good building helps us all and soon we had our plans. Kind friends in the East furnished the money, friends at home donated time, and each seemed anxious to do what he could. Some of the old spirit of the temple builders was called forth, and right happy are we to have a house, good of its kind, in which we may gather, till such time as the way is opened for the building of a permanent church, which we may hand on to those who come after us."

Directly opposite, as we come out of this most attractive of the new little churches, is St. Luke's Church, also very cheerful in appearance and ready for hard work, and now if you will follow me back to the corner of Post and Mason Streets we will find the first Congregational Church which suffered less, possibly, and of which its pastor,

DR. GEORGE C. ADAMS, says:

"Our new church building is a surprise to all who see what has been done; while we were limited to using what remained of the old one, and all that could be expected of us was to make the best of a difficult situation,

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

we are still to have the largest, and one of the most beautiful Protestant churches in the city. Our builder has done wonders for us, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to him for the devotion and skill with which he has led us in doing what seemed impossible. He has saved us many thousand dollars, and is now finishing a building in which the walls are as strong as the solid rock, there is nothing overhead that can fall on any one, and the material and workmanship are the best that could be obtained. In some respects it will be more convenient than the old church. It will be free from the drafts that always bothered us, and will be better heated, ventilated, and lighted than the other has been in many years. We have been wonderfully led in the financial part of it; we had $600 toward the building when we began; all bills are paid to this date and we still have some money in the bank; the widow's cruse of oil has been well illustrated in our case; friends in other places have helped largely; we have received a larger part of the insurance than we dared to hope at the start; our own people have done what they could, and nearly every Sunday's collections have brought something for the new building. When we near the end, and can tell exactly what is needed, we

shall make a strong attempt to dedicate the church with no debt of any kind. In the meantime we are leaving no stone unturned to keep the treasury full.

We shall be a new church in organization as well as in building. People in every State in the Union, and across the seas, are packing their trunks to come and join the First Church. Come if possible; if you cannot come send us some word of cheer; pray for the old church; work for it."

Just a word, before leaving you, must be said about two of our churches whom the Fates handled more gracefully, in that their homes were not destroyed, but the work of restoring the parish remains. Beautiful Trinity is still ours, we can go and see and delight our hearts — it is there and glimpses of it from a distance will always instill us with strength for good work.

And lastly, in its quiet retreat, we are so glad to have with us the little Swedenborgian Church, with its charm. It is so good to have it there now, just as it was before. It watched the fall and our resurrection, and in the calm of its enclosure we may tell the tale, associate the new with the old.

"IT WAS A MERRY
CAREFUL CROWD"

Philopolis

VOL. I MARCH 25, 1907 NO. 6

REGARDLESS of the reverend gentleman of a certain type, as a moral lesson the work of Sunday, February third, was a better one than most of those preached from the pulpits on the average day set aside for moral teaching. It was what we call in the practice of the arts an object lesson, and to make sure that a pupil does not miss the true intent of it, he or she is forced to repeat the operation until it is fully appreciated.

Without a doubt, many an unwilling, slovenly, or incompetent person's work was done for him on our great cleaning day. So in order that those shall fully appreciate what has been done and where they have

received benefits unearned, it is suggested that anyone caught hereafter sweeping his dirt into the gutter shall be made to eat the same.

There is not a contractor in all this city of ours who does not know the difference between the muck, which so many allow to accumulate around buildings they are constructing, and the necessary good clean sand, mortar, brick and lumber, which is there for business.

Every inspector of the Board of Public Works knows, too, just how much space a contractor is allowed for building operations on the street, and the condition the sidewalk ought to be in at the front of each at any time. There would be nothing particularly onerous in a demand that all builders be required to box in (about two feet high) all loose materials. One month of persistent teaching in the art of orderly habits to those who don't know, would, perhaps, make a repetition of our house-cleaning day unnecessary and be profitable in the end.

It was a merry, careful crowd bent on doing good work, and it did. Certain down-town streets never were so well swept. For fear of omitting an energetic gang we keep the list out of print. Montgomery Street was un-

usually gay with ladies and jolly scrapers of pavements, and I will venture that more than one of the latter found muscles in his anatomy the next morning undreamt of before.

However, the deed is done, and if the Board of Public Works, certain property owners and contractors will take the business to heart, we shall see no more cleaning days in San Francisco.

She will have learned to stay clean.

Now, if the land holders over hill and dale will have a great cleaning day of lots — pile up their disorderly bricks and rake the ground a bit, land will go up and San Francisco will be made happy. The empty lot does not make the town dismal, but the helter-skelter aspect of twisted pipes and bricks does.

Philopolis

UR INSTITUTIONS builded through our own initiative are apt to rob us of the power of self-help; and when they get thoroughly incapable themselves, we are made the fool, in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

When the wheels of every-day affairs run fairly smooth we pay little attention to our institutions, but when catastrophe comes and business is all awry, we look to them to straighten things out. Alas, and alack-a-day! Easy times have made them fat and soft, or the strings we have put on them to prevent their feeding too richly and too widely in the beds of clover, we provide for their living, in ordinary times, make it impossible for them to do anything worthy the occasion.

The eighteenth of April last brought with it conditions that were not provided for in the institutions of our Government. Soft, fat incompetency, wrapped in the red tape we wound ourselves, for fear, were too much like a jelly-fish for the times.

However, perhaps a dictator, with more egotism than knowledge or native wit, would have done worse. All in

due time the silt brought to the surface by the shake-up will have gone the way of the winds — leaving the good metal safe at the base of things. It took several battles at the opening siege of the War of the Rebellion to kill off or replace unreliable and politically-made army officers.

The wicked days of April last brought with them a kind of warfare, and if you truly desire to be better cared for next time put immediate self-interest to the back and select better instruments to do the work of all institutions; then when the trouble comes you will have the right leaders in office.

Because you are my friend is no good reason that I shall vote you where you don't belong.

TEMPLE EM-MANUEL

Philopolis

E ARE always preaching the gospel of honesty in politics, when it is incompetency rather than dishonesty that is the base of our evils. The able man — the man who knows how to do the work we give him is always shrewd enough to recompense us for his thievings, if he is a thief; but the unable one is ever the handy man of the thief, besides giving nothing. Can't you see? He is like the silly girl who signs away her property without reading the legal papers.

Drop this honesty business for a week and a day and look for the man who knows how; and when you find him — he won't look for you, for he is usually busy — don't ask, "Is he a friend?" Also, don't tell the wise man — the one who refuses to vote for one of a collection of incompetents, that he is a bad citizen.

We don't know yet whether the direct primary law will give an intelligent voter the opportunity to vote decently or not. In any case, the situation created by this law could not be worse than that now confronting us and created by the old one — which, by the way, with-

out investigation, looks very like voting by proxy with all the attendant awful consequences.

E ARE to congratulate the Sketch Club upon the success of their exhibition, as the initial effort to rehabilitate the picture shows in San Francisco. The public and our "Art Institute" have always taken an exaggerated view of the value of general art exhibits. Frankly, they don't pay the painters directly or as advertising mediums. The individual exhibitor, to be effective, in the ensemble, is obliged to create works which count as exhibition pictures. Special framing has to be provided, and a dozen and one other and smaller affairs attended to that count in costs.

The truth of the matter is, that the life of the institution and the pleasure of the public depends upon picture shows. They were invented for these, and often the poor painter is put to his wits' end and the extent of his purse for no purpose that is worth speaking about, unless it is for the benefit of the institution and the pleasure of the public in general.

But as the Sketch Club charges no admission fee the honors were all its own. No painter, rejected or not, may gracefully question the acts of the jury and hanging committee in this instance, as the Club graciously resigned the privilege of electing the same prospective exhibitors.

Sometimes European academic juries, safe in the bosom of governmental patronage, abuse genius — so we are told — but the trick must be rare as genius is scarce. It seldom flies in the face of art juries, being confined in its flight to circles of long sweeps of a century or so.

The writer has never seen a good work of art refused anywhere, although he has seen many hung which should have been crucified. Therefore as San Francisco, truly speaking, never had an art institution ar academy, nothing is more ludicrous than the brooding, squealing genius in our midst when its work is mercifully left unhung.

Philopolis

T THIS moment the arbitration between the carmen and the United Railroads looks like a draw, with neither party to the contract quite certain that it has not been beaten.

A compromise is something stored for a future battle.

While both parties are chafing under the unsatisfactory results of taking half a loaf each, it is to be remembered that in this as in everything else of a public nature, the public has the last word. We are gradually adjusting our prejudices—leavening them with inside and outside information, as the saying goes, and in the end the party in the wrong is sure to get put to his place. Therefore, while we wait, it is advisable for the platform man to remember he is engaged to answer foolish questions, ring up fares, and stop on street corners when he is requested to do so.

The habit of most conductors of never indicating whether they have heard a pleasant demand to stop, is infinitely more stupid to me than any of the silly questions I propound for his special irritation.

Now, my dear boys, stand up and show us if the United Railroads and its employees are laboring, in a measure, for us or for profits only. We are willing to pay; but without service its a bad business — for us.

ERHAPS no plan of a model city ever created has been more deserving of careful inspection and study, than the one devised by Mr. Burnham and his assistants for the practical and the esthetic correction and, we might say, the ethical development of our city.

The very fact that many of its features are open to debate and that some are decidedly objectionable, impels attention. It is not to be said, offhand, that there is no necessity for any changes in downtown streets. There is the necessity. The busy man, anxious to get to his work, twists impatiently on his seat in a stalled car and asks why things don't move. Some day he will get active and we will find that the greatest dictator of them all, commercial necessity, will cut and drill the plan of streets of San Francisco.

No one may look to newer means of rapid transit either in the shape of automobiles or street railways or overhead or underfoot thoroughfares to do the business, for it is proved over and over again, that while rapid transit tends to scatter certain interests over a larger field, it also works the contrary in other directions.

Quick means of getting to and from business centers also tends towards concentration of activities, therefore we may not look to these to clear Market and adjacent streets, without other channels of escape from the congested district of the city.

Commercial necessity, quite after the fashion that it is digging at Telegraph Hill, will send many buildings into a brick heap and we will pay whether we want to or not.

Without a doubt the Burnham City Beautiful is too heavily laden with spectacular features, but that is not quite a good reason for neglecting the other side of its suggestions.

The report that accompanied the City Beautiful plan suggests the organization of a commission on city improvements. Before this step is taken we are in the air. Now is the time for a properly-constituted body of engineers and architects to tell us what is right in the plans

for an improved San Francisco. It is both too early and too late in the day for interested parties to say that nothing shall be done.

HILE I have been penning the above, one who loves color as she loves all good things has been asking me to drop a word in for her special benefit. We have noticed (I hope this will please those responsible) that some of the architects are using mixed colors in their brick-work. There is one specially good example on Dupont Street, done in gray and red. The sky of San Francisco and perhaps the dust demands plenty of color in our buildings. We liked a certain low gray building in the Oriental Quarter when its cornice was painted a bright blue-green. We don't, now, since a dirty brown has taken the place of the green. Don't be afraid, our sky calls for color. All you have to do is to see that the color is neither hot nor cold — all colors between go beautifully. Gray plaster invariably needs a touch of bright color in the cornice to be effective. Brown hardens both white and gray.

THE FAIRMONT

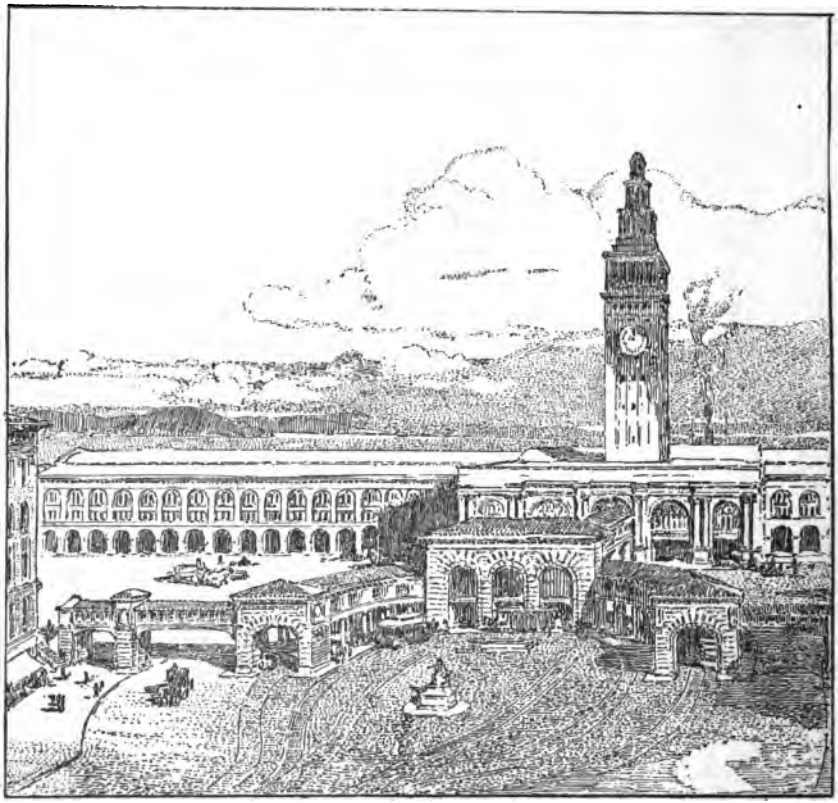
Philopolis

NDAUNTED, the Doctor's Daughters are hard at work, and planning a promenade concert for the opening of the Fairmont Hotel to the public — music in the ballroom, choral singing in the Laurel Court, and soloists in the banqueting-rooms. The Doctor's Daughters have associated with themselves The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, and The San Francisco Polyclinic, under the able management of Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Bravo, ladies, make it good! This pageant should be a success and the proceeds considerable to carry on the work of your organizations. Every little helps, and when the town is builded again, you may truly say you did your share.

"There comes a period of life when we have more joy in saying the thing that is true than in saying the thing that merely is wonderful"

From the
"Life of the Bee"
By M. Maeterlinck



SUGGESTION FOR BRIDGES AND COVER FROM THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE FERRY TO THE CARS AND SIDEWALKS OPPOSITE ON EAST STREET

The City Beautiful

By ARTHUR MATHEWS

VAST in conception, seldom found completed, the church which dominates every cathedral town of continental Europe, draws many strange contrasts with the shop, the inn and the tenement, clustering about and between its buttressed walls, and all but smothered in the deeper recesses and shadows. Often spoken of as a burden to its creators, the people, and yet the harbor of refuge of the persecuted, one perceives the crowning

piece of the mediaeval town, in the better the clearer light, as something more than either history or the moralist has drawn or colored there.

Burden, it may have been—still a sanctuary—but, as a load, if it was a load, what an experience in human work; what a monument to the age, the ideals, the force and weakness, the tenderness and terrors of its time. Here is found the deeply carven grotesque—sardonic, fierce; there the most delicately graven tendrils of leaves, or an angelic face. Yes! the mediaeval church, as builded of stone, draws many strange contrasts—some pleasant and others unpleasant—stone heaped on stone—mere brute force, and still a sanctuary, a jewel, a casket in beauty's form though often resting in the midst of neglect and squalor.

The moralists see therein only the rougher surfaces; and history merely records the years of the building and counts the costs. Once upon a time the art of the middle ages, by a slip of the tongue, was named the gothic—the barbarous; its source is one of deep mystery to scholars; tradition bears many curious tales to us of its masterpieces; and the spirit which made it possible, a living entity, has gone as mysteriously as the art came.

Philopolis

Who builded the crowning jewel of the cathedral town of central, mediaeval Europe?

One might as well ask, who created the modern city? Commonly careless criticism in drawing conclusions, says, that the difference in results of modern endeavor as contrasted with some other periods, may be attributed to a difference in the spirit of the age—its sense of moral responsibility, in the differentiation of the ideals of the people, in the absence in our day of a binding force like a dominating religious belief. There is something in this; but it is not all. Men like Viollet le Duc, the French architect, see the source of all modern architectural shortcoming in the itch, cultivated by the academic concour, to create vast schemes on paper to the neglect of things coming closer to every-day occurrences and to every-day interests; but this is not wide, nor deep enough, although there is much in the criticism.

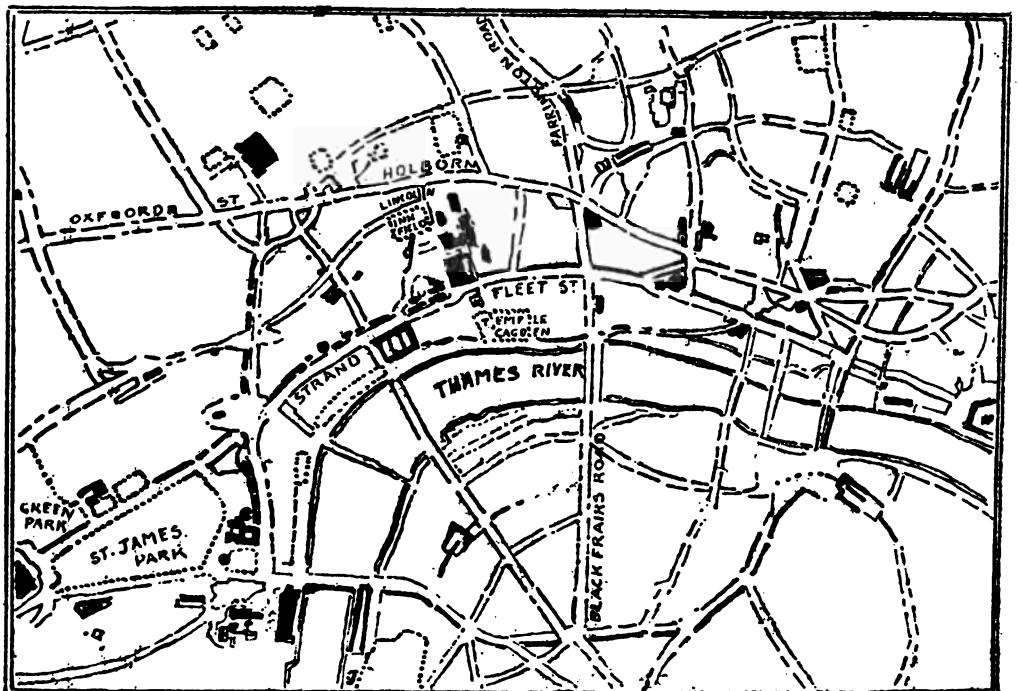
However, having arrived at a point where criticism perceives that someone or something has differentiated artistically, to no good purpose, we as a whole may be said to have progressed slightly beyond the mediaeval age in perception, for the men of that time apparently did not know what their workers were doing. He may have been a serf, the master

who designed the cathedral, in our day the same man may have a political franchise; he may not now be forced to walk with bare feet over beds of living coal to prove his innocence of crimes he never committed; but there is the chance that he has paid dearly for the political franchise and immunity from the trial by fire. Artists love to linger in these old towns; but aside from the fascination incidental to all abandoned works they cannot be said to be artistic, except in the sense of the picturesque. Premeditation is never in evidence. The happy chance, the impulse of the workers is everywhere pictured in stone or in color; still underneath it all is felt the throbbing beat of unison. And from this, criticism has misconstrued the spirit which dominated the building of the cathedral. The simple development of a mechanical law, not being perceived, for lack of a definite technical knowledge, criticism reached over the worker and sought an explanation in some abstract quality peculiar to the mediaeval era. True, in the sardonic gargoyle and the angelic face sculptured there, one finds the spirit and the contradictions of the time; but the art is to be found otherwhere—in the skill that developed among the workers during those long years of the building of the mediaeval cathedral. Its building was at once a

schooling and a vocation for the master. And when the artificial classicisms of the later renaissance are in view, there appears nothing strange in the stigma cast upon it by the academician. Gothic, bárbarous—No! the savagery is in the misconceptions of the academician; in the neglect of criticism to say that all the brilliancy of the craftsmen of the renaissance is due to the splendid devotion of the mediaeval workers to the building of the church. Moralists will find in these as human works, more of morality than history tells of the clergy of the same period.

The work was skillfully, artistically performed. The religion was there but it was not writ in the creed of the church. Therefore it is not necessary to go far afield to find an explanation for the revulsion of feeling, voiced by the French architect, toward the neo-classicism of his time. One may not labor long in the presence of the works of the mediaeval masters and not absorb something of their independent spirit.

Among mediaeval towns, Paris was, perhaps, a fair example. Situated on an island in the middle of the Seine, the guide post, as it were, at the meeting of two or more cross country roads, it grew naturally in circles, with streets focusing by devious ways on the public square, common to



INTERIOR OF LONDON

the church festival, the trade and the military. Notre Dame came to the civic center naturally; so did the farmer and the inn. As the town grew apace the fortifications were moved outward, leaving avenues somewhat in the form of a circle. But even in the last instance, this city is not unique, for Vienna has its Ringstrasse, and the same arrangement or accident in the street plan of London is quite noticeable.

No one could imagine a town grown up after this fashion, as well adapted to modern methods of business, or as an expression of latter day ideals. Therefore nothing is less strange than that this city like many others has undergone a complete metamorphose. That the reorganization was not wholly under the sway of commercial expediency is the happiness of Paris and its inhabitants.

Paris had seen revolution, both in blood and in those silent unperceived changes that come with industrial movements, long before the advent of Napoleon III. The Emperor, however, thought to secure himself, at least, against the violence of his subjects; no crowded district, with its maze of crooked streets should remain there, to be the lurking place of a seditious people. Every dark corner and grewsome place, in the program of the Emperor,

must have the broad searching avenue and at various points, a place of vantage for the gendarmes. Paris has had its ups and downs, its vicissitudes in life. Notre Dame, hoary and aged, the witness of bloody revolution, of trials by fire, forms a part of the group of the city's modern political institutions.

Yes! as builded in stone, as an expression of human skill in the art of building, the gothic cathedral draws many strange contrasts within itself and with its surroundings of yesterday and of today. And truly speaking, it is more democratic in its conception than either the French academy or modern industrialism. Hence if the idealist and then the worker perceives in the modern steel-bound tower the antithesis of the cathedral spire there is perchance, something missing in our modern institutions—some promise unfulfilled.

Philopolis

AN FRANCISCO once a Spanish mission settlement, then a mining camp, developed into a commercial port with Portsmouth Square as a centerpiece. Tradition tells us that in the beginning the civic center almost touched the water's edge by a cove, sheltered under the lea of Telegraph Hill. Those were narrow quarters for a stalwart city, between the bay and the back hills; so the town backed slowly and reached out north and south. When I was a small boy there were heaping sand dunes on a line from Nob Hill to Sixth and Howard streets.

Later the cable cars came and a mighty push of commercial necessity sent the town on a journey. It began to swing from due north and south to a line drawn east and west. Slowly, ponderously as though it were on a huge pivot the Queen of the Pacific turned, ripping Telegraph Hill and filling the pretty cove with the debris. Fashion left the south of Market, Rincon Hill, and settled along the ridges of Nob Hill, and the Pacific Heights. Little by little the inn and the shop keepers readjusted their houses

to suit the new line of travel. Portsmouth Square, the civic center of Yerba Buena, once the middle of San Francisco was left to one side, to become the lounging place of the oriental quarters. Sand dunes disappeared and all between Nob Hill and Potrero Heights assumed the form of the valley that now holds the greater San Francisco. It was a great revolution, paralleled, perhaps, by none that ever came to another city. Endowed in infancy with a wondrous building site and broad landed estates San Francisco eventually found itself almost landless and on the verge of a general disfigurement of its prospects. Growing neither in accordance with natural impulse nor guided by any positive skill in artistry; buffeted by commercial expedience but ambitious to subserve a better instinct, the citizen, in time, asked anxiously if the city were to be finally and forevermore victimized by the insensate. And in seeking a better system there is a possibility that in the search we by chance saw the city as one lacking in decorative features rather than as we should have—as one minus intelligent administration and reasonableness of civic design. That this was an error of conception is also one of the possibilities, and if by it we were carried farther afield in the search for better perceptions and conceptions in city

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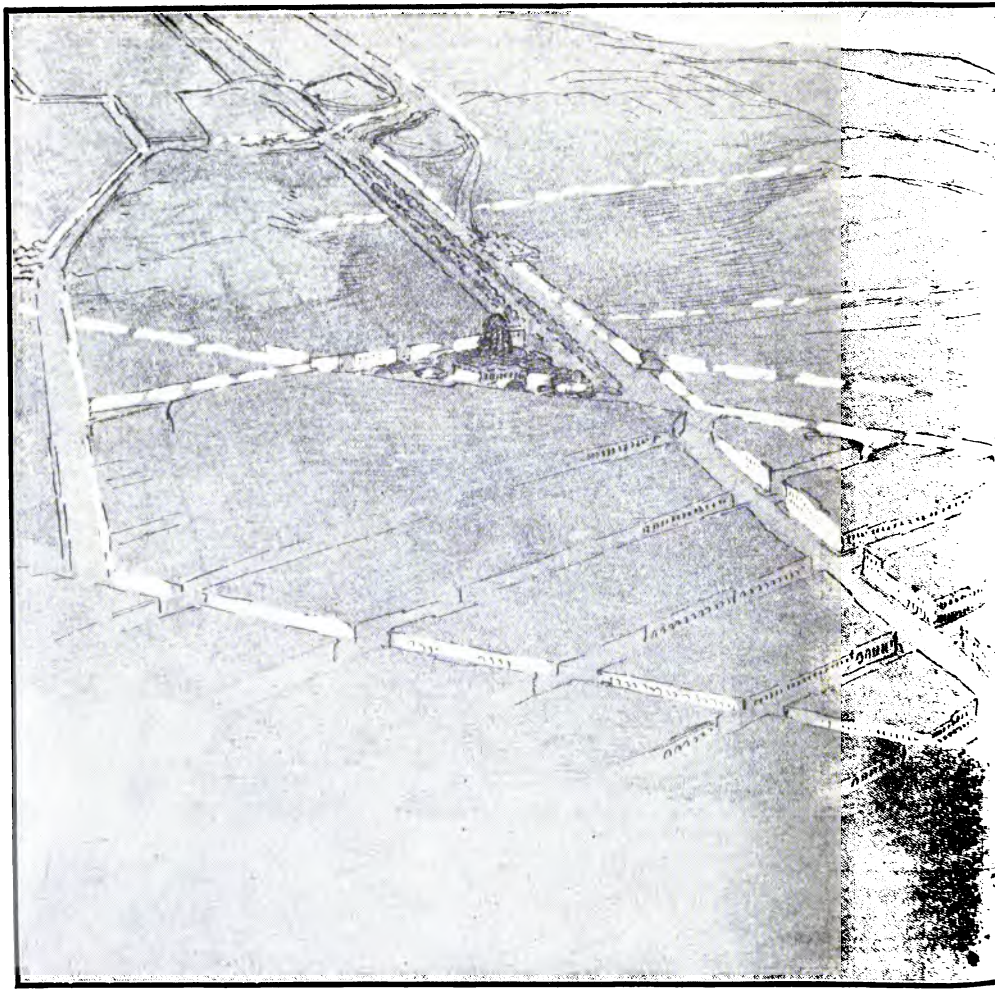

SUGGESTED EXTENSION OF GOLDEN GATE AVENU

D WHARVES WITH PANHANDLE ON SAME LINE

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building the fault is perhaps, not entirely ours, for as suggested the experience is not a new one.

The city like the house, should begin in its autonomy —within the body of its inhabitants—builded firmly on its own landscape, and for its own service. It is not analogous to Paris either in its site or in its beginnings. We are not troubled with the narrow crooked street. We have no monuments to preserve. We are not a seditious people. We have no autocratic or bureaucratic art academy; therefore our charms and our troubles are not Parisian—both fortunately and unfortunately. Still Paris has her lessons which we might learn to advantage. But these are all of a practical nature. Remember a properly constituted and reasonably free board of public works is a possibility without an "artistic bureau." We have no use for the latter, and in feeling so the writer is constrained in studying the beautiful future development of San Francisco, within the boundaries of mere civic art.

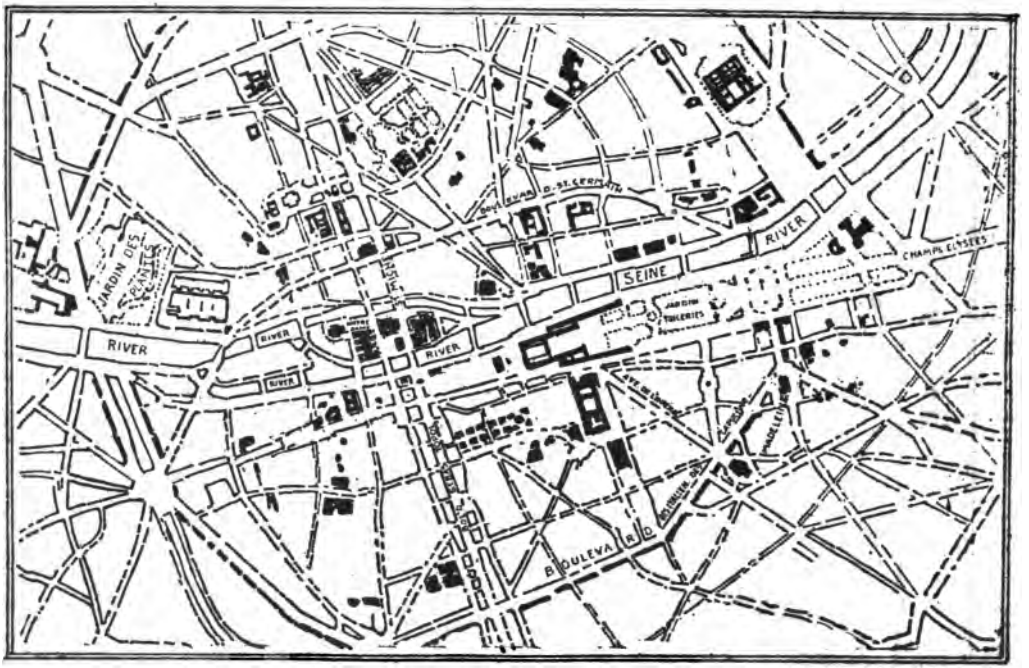
Formerly, or before we confessed a faith in civic beautification, by accepting the plans made for us, before the eighteenth of April last, our attempts in the same direction lacked unity of conception. Many of them were fixtures at the time; but since the date mentioned, so much becomes

a matter of rejection that one might almost say that the city lay before us from which to select or reject at pleasure.

Restrictions originally in force lost their point, and while one might have said justly, a few months past, that we were domineered wholly perforce of circumstances—were too heavily burdened with the bare struggle for existence to dream again, even this has now ceased to be a factor, except in specific cases, with the building of San Francisco. An architect of cities of a time older than that of the cathedral town of mediaeval Europe said that there were but two points of view in building towns. That it all depended upon what a townspeople wanted—a place where the enemy would loose himself, or one in which business could be done conveniently.

Our city was devised upon neither of these ideals. One neither gets lost nor is able to get around without irritating consequences.

The average traveler fascinated with the gay boulevard—the interior circular avenue of Paris — seldom sees or feels the serious side of the French capital. All of the sightseers' Paris lays on the rim or within this circle; and as if it were all arranged for a pretty effect, the ingoing and out-



MAP OF PARIS, SHOWING CIRCULAR BOULEVARDS

going trains take him past the commercial city, but never within its bustle.

With us all this is changed. The stranger, like the inhabitant, cannot avoid the crush of the heaviest traffic. Every American city is the country village grown to the importance of the metropolis. San Francisco is not preeminently the dreadful example. The well-known spirit of the people—their appreciation as individuals would, and has saved it from the abject hideousness of commercialism. Our dangers, our irritations, our trouble lay in something we are not quite responsible for—the plan of the city, a country village ideal doing duty as a great city. Commonly we think of San Francisco, as designed, in checker board blocks, but when the map is on the table before the eyes, nothing is more in evidence than the diagonal street. All that section from Market to Channel, and from East to Tenth streets is thrust diagonally into our anatomy. And as a consequence no system ever invented has created a more vicious secondary one of radiating avenues. Market, either on the map or in reality, is omnipotent as a consequence of this peculiarity in city planning. Everything that moves on foot or wheels, gets there through dire necessity. At its foot our street car system comes to a climax, and one

is only obliged to read the head boards of the United Railroad cars to know the extent of the task imposed upon our chief thoroughfare. The heaviest traffic pounds through its length accompanied with the bicycle, the automobile, the private vehicle, and the baby carriage; and if the half of prophesy comes true, the city will not be half rebuilt before the interminable procession on its pavements will form a barricade, by which those of the Commune of Paris would appear as made of egg shells.

Therefore, as suggested before, Market street is at once the key and the keyhole of the city.

The accompanying diagrams are not based upon any original theory in city building, conceived by the writer, neither are the new streets as laid down, of his invention. Adopting as a first move the east and west and north and south axis of the city on low level lines, that is to say, through Larkin and Valencia streets for the north and south axis, and through Golden Gate avenue, to the wharves, for the east and west axis, according to theoretical Paris, all the rest of the problem seemed to be in the breaking of Market street as a barricade to the freedom of movement of traffic going across city.

This meant the pushing of the line on the City Beautiful plans, which extended from the Park Panhandle to the water front, over to the line of Golden Gate avenue. On the revised plan there is a street running irregularly from Portsmouth Square to the academic civic center, and as a matter of course some few hundred feet north of Market. The suggestion was adopted and one may believe that a similar street is absolutely necessary and would, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, put the widening of Geary Street into the distant harmonies. It was a mere matter of chance that the Panhandle extension slipped down into the valley by the sides of Golden Gate avenue; also, a bit of good fortune that the combination of streets, very like the famous interior circulating Boulevards of Paris, came in the diagram. The famous Parisian avenue would not be the Grand Boulevard unless it touched every phase of the life of the French metropolis. Our circular avenue also dips into every section as a circulating street should; still it was only an accident. Perhaps the stupidity of shoving that block of diagonal streets into our anatomy may yet be turned to our benefit.

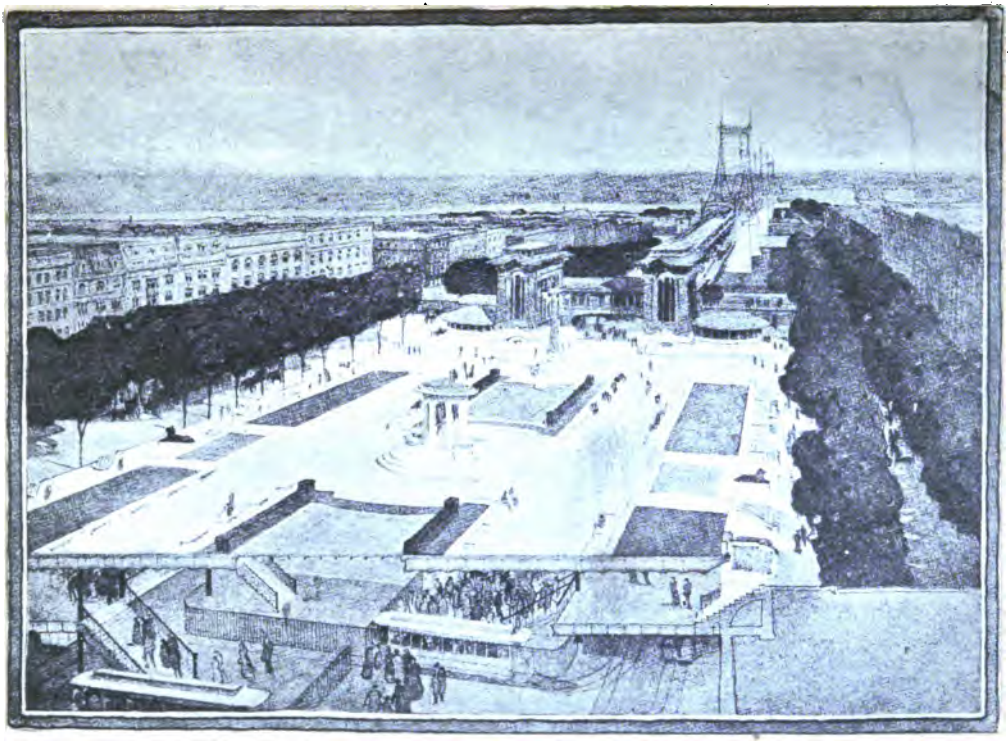
Speaking from a distinctly personal point of view the City Hall should be moved along this circular line until it

SUGGESTED MODIFICATION OF CITY BEAUTIFUL PLANS

arrives at the base of California Street Hill, and deposited a little outside and above the retail district. As it is now placed, it blocks free access to Hayes Valley and its continuations and splits Market without any recompense to either, or to the city.

Again the Park Panhandle extension as devised years ago and indicated on the beautification plans, was a misadventure—being not only badly placed for driving purposes, but also as a park. Located between Golden Gate avenue and McAllister such a scheme would give splendid service to what is destined to become the most thickly populated area of San Francisco, the valleys between Pacific Heights and Hayes street hill. On arriving at this point, and in view of the fact that the elevated sections need more accessible roads, the temptation is to elaborate a skeleton plan and plunge into the unknown qualitatives and quantitives. These bare problems seem poverty stricken in the face of the suggestiveness of our landscape. Every hill top offers itself as a pedestal for a statue and every slope suggests a park or an architectural project; but all of these are in the plans we have. If not quite there perhaps the coming generations will fill out a proper skeleton, and save our pains—when we cross the river.

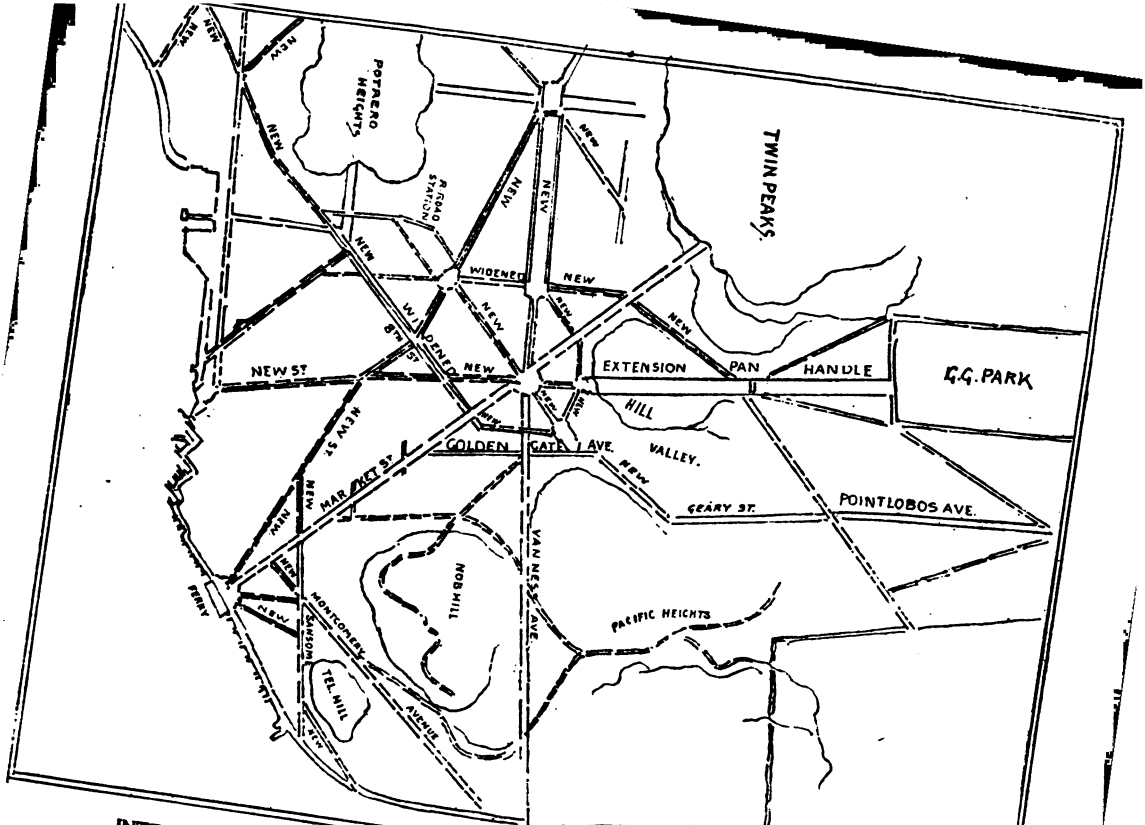
In the meantime, the citizen is not to forget that no system of rapid transit will relieve the situation in our business section. No part of it is free from the heaviest traffic. An extension of Montgomery avenue would be unfortunate; it would not only aggravate an already overtaxed street, but would offer another point of centralized traffic. The narrowness of Geary and Montgomery streets is more of an appearance than a fact and caused by the stoppage of cross-town teaming at their exits by the overcrowded condition of Market. Further, the loop of the United Railroads at the foot of our chief thoroughfare, while good for the street car system, is bound in the end to obstruct all teaming, by way of East street—an unfortunate state of affairs. And in the absence of some other scheme, the circle there will have to be enlarged, the loop set back and a bridge constructed which in carrying passengers from the ferry to the cars would allow teaming to pass freely underneath. Both of the new avenues, one north and the other south of Market street, on the diagram, afford new points of traffic distribution, and practically parallel the main thoroughfare. Neither rapid transit nor any other system of traffic will touch any of these problems, for they are all strictly local—are incidental to



PROPOSED RAILWAY-LOOP TERMINAL FOR BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE

the business of the center of the city only. That any of these objects may be accomplished without the usual attending ugliness of public conveniences is almost superfluous to add. It is the same here as with the individual work, a little care and a minimum of willingness to accommodate all concerned would result in any venture, in a fairly agreeable city.

The City Beautiful is another question, and in it you will find when it is builded all the unfulfilled promises, of both the so-called mediaeval and modern eras, fulfilled. Still looking neither backward nor forward, one may say that at best it will be an individual work made up of thousands of smaller efforts, each showing the imperfections as well as the perfections of human intelligence. It will be at once the poor man's haven and the rich man's kingdom, and an institution worthy of endowment. Truly it will be builded freely and in the spirit of the mediaeval cathedral, but far more useful to men.



INTERIOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING STREETS AFFECTED, WIDENED AND NEW STREETS—BURNHM PLAN

Philopolis

VOL. I APRIL 25, 1907 NO. 7

DISCUSSION over Mr. John D. Rockefeller's bequests of some thirty millions to the Educational Board, is useless unless the object is to seek the proper beneficiaries. It is of small moment how or where the millionaire got his wealth, in the face of the prime question. We are not convinced that this master worker in modern industrialism has taken only unfair means of getting riches. Our idea would be that the whole of the thirty millions should go back to society in the improvement of our streets and parks. When our rich men learn to give their money straight to the benefit of a community, there will be no necessity of eleemosynary institutions—educational, artistic or otherwise.

Philopolis

N outlook from the top of California street hill over the city and the surrounding bay with the beautiful hills in the distance, is truly inspiring. It rests with us now to preserve it for ourselves and future generations. The plans for the cathedral to be built on the block, between California, Taylor, Jones and Sacramento streets, so nicely given by the Crocker family, are under way. Surely nothing would be more lovely than a library and museum, or gallery on the adjoining two half blocks toward the east, and if properly supported we believe much could be done toward securing these properties for the city. There would remain but two blocks to be acquired; bounded by California, Pine, Mason and Jones streets, for park purposes, and San Francisco could boast of having a place fit for the gods.

And the toilers tilled, and were athirst; and the heroes returned from fresh victories, to rejoice and to feast; and all drank alike from the artists' goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note of the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other!

Jas. McNeil Whistler

Chelsea

CATHEDRAL ON CALIFORNIA STREET, WITH OPEN PARK, BETWEEN CALIFORNIA, PINE, JONES AND MASON STREETS

A Talk About Libraries

By R. J. Taussig.

THE libraries of San Francisco, forming as they do, an important factor in the intellectual and educational life of the city, deserve the careful attention of all those who are interested in things beyond the purely material rehabilitation and reconstruction. The material prosperity and the intellectual development of a community react upon each other, aiding and supplementing each other to such an extent that they may well be considered coextensive. It would be difficult to find a more important and interesting link in this endless chain than that represented by

the so-called store-houses of knowledge, the libraries, or one more worthy of discussion. The visitation of a year ago brought with it the destruction of a great number of splendid libraries,—professional, private, public and semi-public. It brought with it the destruction of a great number of rare books, papers, pamphlets and periodical sets. Records and manuscripts were destroyed which can never be replaced, and the extent of the loss will never be fully ascertained. Pictures and maps and many carefully guarded documents, which might at some future time have thrown light upon occurrences, at present seemingly unimportant, but which the course of years may prove of the greatest moment, have gone up in smoke and flame. The almost daily discovery in the books and papers of the Bancroft collection of important matters in documents whose existence was never even suspected, offers proof for the truth of this statement. The Bancroft collection luckily escaped destruction and is now housed in the attic of California Hall, at the State University, in Berkeley. So far as the professional libraries are concerned, they will be replaced as rapidly as necessity demands and circumstances permit. No doubt the professional world has already done much to equip itself with

its necessary laboratory, and grateful acknowledgment is due to many in all parts of the country who responded so promptly and generously to our needs where money would have been of no avail. We may rest assured that the problem of placing these professional libraries was most readily solved by locating them within easy reach of those consulting them.

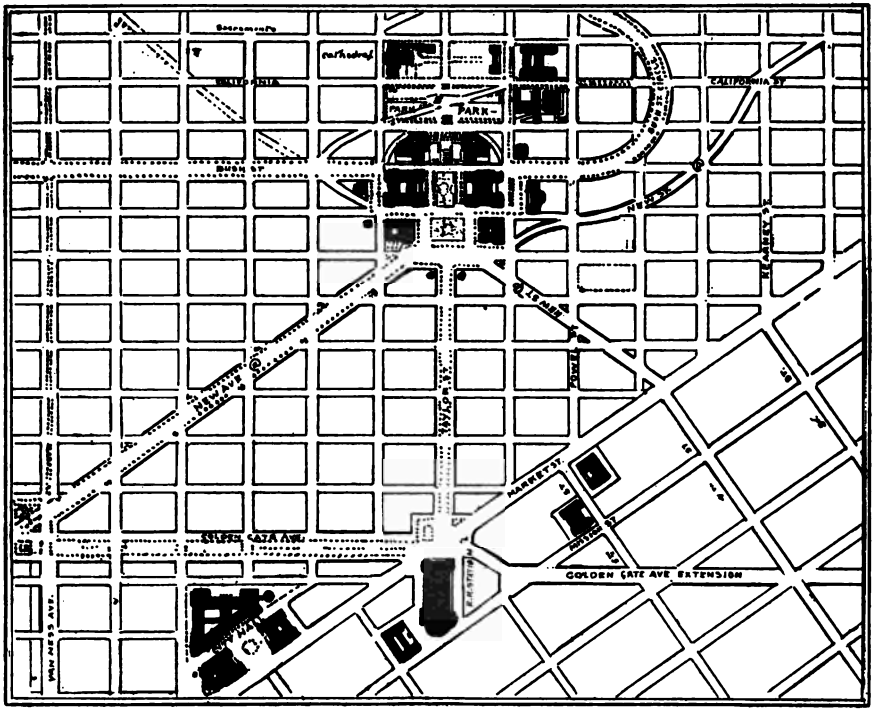
The rehabilitation of the private libraries will not proceed so rapidly. Those which are worthy of consideration are the result of careful selection, combined with the opportunity of purchase. None but those who have had the experience know what years of patient waiting and watching it often takes to get possession of some greatly desired book. Governed entirely by the taste of the individual collector, the private library is a manifestation of his character and an indication of his particular intellectual delights as distinguished from the pursuit of his daily avocation. The greatest joy of the private collector lies in his selections. Should he perchance find something rare or valuable while on his voyages of discovery amongst books and catalogues, it is brought home to keep company with the other friends of his choice and becomes an incentive to further search for the good, the

rare, the beautiful in the realm of books. It takes no great flight of the imagination to realize how slow and discouraging the re-establishment of his library will be to him who carefully chooses each volume that is placed on his shelves and who is compelled to select from manifestly inadequate sources of supply. Naturally a library of this kind will be placed most conveniently to its owner, with a view to its protection and safety. No comment may be made upon the private library, brought together to decorate a room or fill an odd corner and to serve as a hypocritical sham to cover the intellectual poverty of its owner.

The public and semi-public libraries are making every effort to re-establish themselves, and are progressing in spite of difficulties of all kinds. As these are our circulating libraries, in which the public is interested, opinions will vary greatly in regard to the desirability or practicability of different sites for their location. Strong arguments are made for each one, and the point of view of the individual goes far in directing his choice, regardless of the consideration due to others. Architectural possibilities play an important part at this juncture and are dangerous on account of the appeal made to our desire for

the beautification of our city. What, after all, are the points to be considered in selecting the best location for a circulating library? One would naturally conclude that the library ought to be where the people are. Yes—but what people? A difficult question to answer, when it must be conceded that all kinds of people read all kinds of books. There are those who delight in books of travel and adventure; those who confine themselves to fiction; those who find relaxation in poetry, philosophy, history and so on, until we have gone through the entire classification of the librarian, not forgetting the consideration of those who mainly use the library for the purpose of reference. It is important to decide whether those are to be considered who would climb to the tops of mountains for books, or whether it is the mission of the circulating library, from the educational standpoint, to cultivate the reading habit and for that purpose to make itself most accessible to those whom it is desired to reach. At the same time the comfort of readers and students must not be overlooked. It is difficult to serve many masters and it is more difficult to please and satisfy everybody. Some wish the library close to the shopping districts; others desire it in the neighborhood of the commercial and finan-

cial centers. Others again see the necessity of its location near the homes of those whose occupation prevents a visit to the library until the day's work is done. Time is also a very important item of consideration in these days of strenuous life. To save time in the handling of books within the library is a problem which occupies the mind of every librarian of today, and all kinds of devices are considered for the delivery of books from the shelf to the hands of the reader. Tubes, elevators, chutes and miniature railroad tracks are brought into service. Schools for the education of librarians have been established where they are taught to catalogue, arrange and classify books so that the required volumes may not only be found but be found quickly. It is not sufficient for the librarian to be able to tell whether or not the desired book is in the library but he must also know if there is any other material at hand upon the subject of inquiry. When so much time is spent upon the saving of time within the library, it ought surely to be the aim of those in whose charge the matter rests, to find the most accessible location for the library. No expense is spared in the erection of modern school buildings, and they are placed where they will do the greatest good to the greatest



WINDING ROAD TO TOP OF CALIFORNIA STREET HILL

number. It seems but just that the same rule should apply to the library. The problem is, however, more easily solved in regard to the schools as so many are required. San Francisco offers many splendid sites for the erection of handsome buildings. It would be ideal for a student to dream away his life amongst the books of his choice in a fine and well-adapted building upon the top of one of our hills. It is not very long ago that the possible location of a library close to the Affiliated Colleges was discussed, a splendid site overlooking Golden Gate Park, with a sweeping, unobstructed marine view of the bay, the Golden Gate and reaching far out into the ocean to the Farrallones. I can imagine a library in such a place, or perhaps on the top of Nob Hill, an ornament to the city. It would be pointed out as one of the "points of interest" of San Francisco to which our scholars retire for study and research. I am afraid, however, that it would be a monument erected to the riches it enshrined, sacred to the attendant priests and only for the privileged few. Far better would it be for us, while building up the material side of our city to aid in the development of the intellectual life of our citizens by making books easy to get and by the cultivation of the

reading habit. Let us forget that one of the many uses of the library is the place it occupies as a university to those whose inclinations or whose circumstances keep them outside of the doors of the academy. It is a combination school offering postgraduate courses to all who know how to avail themselves of its benefits. It would be a grievous mistake if the library were not made attractive and accessible—an incentive to the intellectual self-development of the individual. I have heard it said that we would become accustomed to almost any place in course of time, and that for the sake of beauty we should submit to inaccessibility; time would cure the evil, if evil it were. Perhaps that is correct, but I am rather inclined to believe that we would eventually fail to recognize that evil had been done—in itself a bad result. Such great care is taken in many libraries to protect books from possible theft or vandalism that access to them is denied to the general public and is only permitted as a special privilege. This rule may well be enforced in regard to rare or specially bound volumes, but in general it seems wrong to prohibit one from wandering from shelf to shelf, looking for information or pleasure at one's own sweet will. In many places you

are compelled to ask an unsympathetic attendant for the particular book desired. The catalogue is there for your inspection, not the books. This method will aid in keeping the books in good condition and will prevent disarrangement of volumes. It also will prevent an occasional theft, but libraries are not founded for the mere purpose of collecting and caring for books for the use of a few favored ones or for posterity, but rather for the use of all who seek literature for instruction or amusement. Libraries have become as much a portion of our institutions as the public shools and are maintained for the purpose of spreading the intellectual light of all times and ages—not to guard and hide it. It is wrong to limit the inspection of the contents of a library to the line or two or a catalogue card. Those who have had the privilege of close intimacy with the shelves of a good library, know how frequently the right book falls into your hands as you go searching along from case to case, when the catalogue could not possibly have given you the proper direction of its own accord. Again, while familiarizing yourself with some particular subject how often it happens that you are led into new and undiscovered paths, opening out vistas of future intellectual delights, hitherto

undreamt of. Is it fair, is it right, that because a thief steals an occasional book, even if it turns out to be one of a set, or because a vandal marks up or tears out an occasional page, that the sin of one should be visited upon the heads of all? The remedy seems entirely too severe and its application limits to an unnecessary extent the benefits to be derived from direct contact with the collection of books. Libraries also form an important supplement to the work of the schools, an additional argument in favor of bringing the books within easy reach. The most successful teacher is the one who arouses an interest in his subject and animates the student to independent inquiry and the acquisition of further knowledge by reading. It would not be doing justice to the importance of the subject were nothing said concerning the duty owing to posterity. We are under obligation to former generations which have handed down to us as a result of their diligence and foresight the collections of books, and we, having benefitted thereby, must add our link to the growing chain. The keen regret with which the lost books of celebrated writers of previous ages are mentioned reminds us of our duty to insure the perpetuation of the works of the great minds of our own time.

Philopolis

The ephemeral literature of the day serves its purpose. It amuses and in many ways instructs its readers. It is always in the greatest demand and many a library has purchased hundreds of copies of a particularly popular book, which after a short time are neglected and forgotten, and only serve to litter up the shelves and occupy valuable space. It is one of the most difficult tasks of the librarian to adjust his purchases so as to satisfy his public, at the same time always keeping in mind his duty to acquire the more lasting and useful productions.

These are some of the thoughts occupying the minds of those interested in the welfare of our libraries who realize that no true happiness, no social nor industrial progress is possible without the development of our intellectual life.

Philopolis

On the top of California street hill, builded chiefly in the desire to beautify the city and perpetuate the memory of the real builder, is the Fairmont. Facing it and but two blocks to the west there is to be a cathedral built by the Crocker family. Now, it is for San Francisco to do, to make both gifts effective to it: to park the two blocks bounded by Mason, Jones, California and Pine streets, and cut a diagonal road through them to give a beginning for an easy access to the hill, as well as opening up a fair view and giving the people another breathing and resting spot in the heart of the city. A public library in such environments would be in the center of things worth reaching for.

Philopolis

VOL. I MAY 25, 1907 No. 8

T THE time of the fire in April, 1906, all legal formalities having been brought to a successful issue, the librarian of the Mechanics Institute had made the necessary arrangements for the actual consolidation of the Mechanics and Mercantile libraries and the books were undergoing the process of assortment and transfer to the Post street building. The fire left hardly a trace of the collection of over 150,000 volumes which had been gathered together with great care and at a considerable expenditure of money during a period of over fifty years. The Mechanics Institute alone was at the time of the fire buying books at the rate of over $8,000 per annum. As soon as it became possible to form an estimate of the

condition of affairs, the trustees found that the Institute had over $30,000 to its credit in various banks, insurance policies amounting to over $100,000, and two valuable pieces of property. The debts amounted to about $40,000. Upon this showing, and placing implicit confidence in the rehabilitation of the city, the president was instructed to contract for the erection of a suitable temporary library building at the corner of Polk and Grove streets at once, and the librarian was directed to proceed with the purchase of books, paying particular attention to such literature as he could get upon the subjects of architecture and engineering. This was on May 1st. Had it not been for the attitude of the insurance companies, who at first refused permits for the occupation of the land until adjustments should have been made, the building would have been rushed to an earlier completion. The actual building was commenced on June 4th, and completed in August. Meanwhile the librarian had been gathering books and papers, bought and donated, at his home in Berkeley, and quite a respectable collection was at once placed upon the shelves ready for the use of members. Since then a steady and determined effort has been made to bring up the library to its former efficiency

and the Institute has assumed its normal position in the community. The trustees are now considering the erection of a permanent building upon their Post street site and are looking forward to a bright and useful future for the Mechanics Institute.

The Olympic Club

By William Greer Harrison.

THE Olympic Club, situated on Post street, between Mason and Taylor streets, was completely destroyed by the fire. Within ten days after the conflagration the Club's architect, Mr. H. A. Schulze, had ready for its members sketch plans of its new building. The fire scattered our members over a very large area. A great number of them crossed the bay and some went farther into the country. It seemed at one time as if it would be impossible to hold the Club together.

The Board of Directors, within a month of the disaster, were able to secure commodious premises on Eddy street. The owner of the building, Mr. Eugene Lent, was most considerate in his terms of rental and gave the Club every facility to aid its temporary home.

VIEW OF WORK BEING DONE ON OLYMPIC CLUB SITE

Philopolis

This home, being opposite the center of Jefferson Square, because of its central location and its many conveniences was bound to meet the requirements of the members. The directors made many changes in the home, adding a very large reception-room of which the Club members promptly availed themselves, for it is, to the most of them, a very charming home.

From the opening of the temporary home until now there has been an exceptionally large attendance and the social side of the Club has been largely developed.

The directors, however, did not lose sight of the fact of the necessity to provide some form of athletics. They therefore leased the property in the rear of the present home and erected two first-class hand-ball courts, which have afforded healthy exercise to a very large number of the members. In the building proper a complete bathing system has been established, with electric baths, massages, showers, etc.

The Club has held together as a unit, and is busy now with the plans for the new home on the site of the old Club.

On the 1st of June, 1907, the swimming and bathing departments of the Club will be opened on the site of the

new Club, with the great plunge 100 by 35 feet. Over this plunge is being constructed a very pretty but temporary home, in which have been placed all the appliances for Turkish and Russian baths, showers, massages—in fact, it will be a complete bathing establishment.

The Olympic Salt Water Company, although out of business, and at a heavy monetary loss to itself, has arranged for the pumping of the salt water from the ocean beach into the Club's plunge on the day above named, the 1st of June.

That on our old lot there should be established a building for bathing in so short a time, has greatly gratified the members of the Club. The work on this part of the general plan has been rushed because we anticipate continuous dust storms throughout the city for quite a long period of time. That members may leave their places of business and be able to take a swim in the pure ocean salt water and return to their offices within a matter of twenty-five minutes, may be regarded as not merely satisfactory to the members, but as an illustration of the spirit of the people of San Francisco, which has expressed itself in a thousand similar enterprises.

Philopolis

S we stated in our March issue in relation to the difficulties between the United Railroads and its employees, a compromise is something stored for a future battle, and now that in this instance our prediction has come true, we repeat, "The public shall have the last word"—or blow.

"Capital and Labor" are mere tools. The latter never produced anything unassisted, and the former would never exist except for the creative genius of man. So when all that is animate and relative to these two factors in community affairs organize under different flags and fight in our public streets, it is high time that the great predominating, productive, progressive elements in society call a halt.

Every corporation, every labor or trades union is an institution, and, as said, each has within itself the microbe of self-destruction, and if such organizations are comprised of merely dependent elements in a society, their suicidal course runs short and swiftly to the end.

Organized labor and capital exist only through the sufferance of society.

Society has its own organizations, its institutions, its laws, and when the lesser one usurps the prerogatives of the greater, the suicide of the lesser is assisted by the hangman of the greater.

Think of the Chief of Police of our city threatening to kill! The word "scab" is not one for him to breathe. The union man may shout scab, but to our Chief of Police all men are equal. DON'T forget it!

This is a free country as an institution. The Mayor and Chief of Police of this city have the power, for the people are behind them, to prevent the congregation of crowds in our streets. One ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

We demand that our public servants shall cease taking bribes from capital and flirting with labor. We demand a permanent board, with the power to settle all questions of wages and profits, where public service and the production of common commodities are concerned. We would not be the slaves of common tools.

Philopolis

THERE are three all-absorbing and dominating elements in the commercial building—the cornice, the sign-board, and the fire escape—and it is our misfortune that some architects overlook these essentials and fritter their time away on other things. Fire escapes and galvanized iron cornices are come of an ordinance, still this does not pardon the absurd use of tin ornaments and belt courses on brick buildings, especially where they interfere with the natural sign space over a shop or more than increase the aggravations of the fire escape. This last is susceptible of good treatment, and nothing is more despicable than an indifferent one with a badly placed standing water pipe where there is all the evidence of unintelligible architectural detail.

While our architects may with reason be deeply concerned with the steel framed ten and twelve story building, they are not to forget that the fate of the town, rebuilt, lies in the smaller and lower buildings. And more, the designer's reputation is to be made or marred by the latter class, consequently if we pay close attention, as

time goes on, to well considered low buildings rather than illy designed high ones, it is to be understood that we are looking for good work, not big hulks. Here and there are to be found very interesting, rational experiments—which, by the way, does not include the theatre on Van Ness Avenue. We are wondering which—the inflammable nature of this "place of amusement" or the "design" of the cornice and absurd swirling pediment, caused the Board of Public Works to deny having given the builders a permit to build the same. Our youthful ones should go there and look with large, round eyes and learn the terrors of bad proportion, etc.—that they may do better.

Remember, such freaks are not the outbursts of originality. They are much nearer an absence of common sense in design. A well-studied cornice, properly proportioned and placed windows, an avoidance of monotony of openings, and a well-chosen color for walls, are so rare that we are inclined to feel that in these lie originality—the individuality of the artist.

Philopolis

HINATOWN rebuilt has a touch of irony in its composition; and when we noticed one evening, one year after the fire, that the streets there had been cleaned, we felt the contrast it offered to certain other districts. All the way down California street we had picked or stumbled our way over other people's rubbish. Save for the walk in front of Grace Church, the south side is a sad reflection on the critics of the Oriental quarter that used to be. Market street, true to its old-time glory, promises to have the most illy devised small buildings in the city—which reminds me that our "Art Institute" is not far behind—the worst.

The new building—flimsy, inflammable, and costing, unfurnished, "about twenty thousand dollars"—is a twelve month out of date, and it will be a rare chance—uninsured—if it does not prove to be the funeral pyre of the association.

The least they could have done, in sight of their town delightfully rebuilt, was to show us how to build a rational, useful wooden building, with some touch of the art.

Intelligent Recommendation for Civic Improvement

"I have certainly been in a position to see the inside workings of things, and I believe that I can offer some valuable suggestions. To begin with, the city charter is cumbersome and unwieldy and should be changed in some particulars. The entire system is so loose that a man can steal as much as he wants to. There are no checks. The auditor is a mere bookkeeper and can not possibly watch all the bills. This should be changed. There should be a central bureau of accounts. No payments should be made except through this bureau. There should be a system of scrip receipts which would make thieving in city offices impossible.

"As matters are now the county clerk, for instance, can take in any amount of money and account for it or not, as he pleases. No officer should be allowed to make any collections except the tax collector. All other collections should be made through the central accounting bureau. This would afford an adequate check.

"The business of the city should be put on a business basis. It is not on a business basis today. The system of awarding contracts is wrong and the system of purchasing supplies for city institutions is very bad. I

believe there should be a good commissary department—not one on which every supervisor wants to put his brother, but a thorough department, the head of which should have the same duties as a purchasing agent of a large corporation.

"It was not possible for me to put these things through under this administration. When I proposed a commissary department, Mayor Schmitz said he would agree to it only on condition that the almshouse was not included." The almshouse, it may be explained, is under the control of the mayor's brother, Frank Schmitz.

"When finally we did get a commissary department, Gallagher put his brother in charge.

"There should also be a complete change in the Board of Public Works. The best man available should be secured as the head of the board. He should be a competent engineer and should receive a salary of $15,000 a year. He should have complete jurisdiction over the public works of the entire city. Of course, it would be impossible for one man to watch every part of the city, and for this reason I would suggest that the city be divided into seven wards, with an assistant engineer to oversee each ward. These assistants should be compe-

tent men and should receive a salary of at least $4,000, the salary paid the president of the Board of Works.

"There are a great number of other changes that should be made. I believe that the Mayor should have even greater powers than at present, but I would put a certain check on him by making all his appointments subject to confirmation by the supervisors.

"Under the charter there is room for limitless graft in the matter of contracts.

"I think it would be a good idea to have some one go over the charter and prepare the needed amendments. I would gladly aid such a person by giving him the benefit of my experience.

"These are some of the minor things I had in mind when I said that I would do what I could for civic betterment. I have other and larger and more important things in view which I have not yet got in shape."

Philopolis

THE public in general reminds us of a certain class of picture painters who, while always yearning for color, in and out of season, are ever mixing and using indescribable skim-milk tints which are neither gray or color. It takes a delicate skill to paint a gray picture, and it does not often happen that a full colored one escapes the garish. A white building is its neighbor's misery.

We never loved the City Hall, but one morning, now centuries ago, we were surprised to find our hearts warming toward the senseless heap, and all because the cast-iron capitals of the pilasters and columns, with the cornice, were done in bright red paint. Today we noticed that the great iron foot-brackets of the dome of the Hall of Records were painted the same red; that the dome itself was gray and the walls a deep brown. We enjoyed the spectacle while we might, for we knew no house painter or city official would dare leave it so. It was merely a preparation for the usual mealy tone—neither gray nor brilliant.

So rule you in Bassora in my absence and in my presence, and your commandments shall be executory: but look that ye fear God in your ordinances and beware of oppression, for oppression, if it endure, ruineth (a country) and apply yourselves unto justice, for justice, if it endure, maketh (a country to) flurish.—Abdahlas charge to his brothers.

The Book of the
Thousand and One Nights

A MEDLEY

IMPRESSION FROM CALIFORNIA STREET HILL

By Arthur F. Mathews

The Education of the Adult

BY FREDERICK J. TEGGART.

FACING the mysterious Ocean, into which evening ever sinks and gives place to the invigorated dawn, Calitopia stands, set midmost of the Earth, where the West, youthful and aggressive, confronts the immemorial East. Most favored child of Nature, heiress of the full treasury of man's experience, only descendant of the lineage of Utopia, it is to her that the gods look in expectation, it is around her that all the unrealized hopes of our forefathers throng confidently. Dowered as no other land, reserved from time immemor-

ial to be the seat of the crowning civilization of the European stock, Calitopia — the Beautiful Place — having welcomed those upon whom her future depends, now awaits, perchance impatiently, the evidence of their devotion. The noblest of mothers calls upon her sons to vindicate her fame, and Opportunity, swift-footed and elusive, pauses momentarily, for the Ocean is wide and the farther shore overburdened with the weight of the years gone by.

Well would it be for the men of Calitopia to take counsel speedily of the Lost Opportunities of the race, lest they be led to assume credit for the gifts of Nature and find themselves overcome by the bane of the Lotus Eaters, lest they allow the sun to engender in them the spirit of Optimism, which disguises all paths as the Highway of Success, which is in truth a mirage set for the discomfiture of the strong. The time has indeed come when we must set ourselves resolutely to follow the trackless way to the greatness of Calitopia, and that this goal may be won we require the informing spirit of a great belief, the strength of a noble interpretation of life, and, above all — if haply we may find it — that ideal which is the heart's expression of the good genius of our country

This ideal has been entrusted to the keeping of the Nation, but it remains hidden, not to be revealed, until the people as a whole desire that it be made known. The good genius of Calitopia will not reveal her heart to any assemblage or class, however selected, or to minds debased by heedlessness and self-confidence, preoccupations and insincerity, ignorance and injustice. So it comes to this, that the Future, charged with the realization of an ultimate civilization, is dependent upon the thoughtfulness, insight and sincerity of individuals who rate themselves by the place they occupy in the huge swarming anthill of the commercial world. A world that represents only the non-intellectual side of life, that follows but one sequence of ideas, and that works with single-eyed devotion to one inferior end. A world in which all the fervor of old religions and old patriotisms is concentrated on the service of Success. It comes to this, that the Future depends upon the possibility of releasing the adult from his bondage in Egypt, of delivering him from subjection to Success, of educating him — leading him forth into the real world of imagination and true thought.

Portentous, colossal, the spirit of Commercialism, like

the outspread wings of some black, maleficent roc, overshadows our present civilization. Unlike the fabled Jinn, which when evoked by man remained subservient to him, this spirit dominates and enslaves. And as we think with pity of the devotees of strange rites and hopeless resistances, so we recognize an element of pathos in the sight of men toiling through life in the service of Mammon, planning to devote years which they will never see to intellectual pursuits for which they are rendering themselves unfit. The mind is a jealous mistress, constant to her faithful servants, but remorselessly scornful of the wayward and negligent; and the man who has followed a rut during the years of his strength, finds, when he would change his manner of life, that he must return to it — or die.

Philopolis

Far back, in the period of beginnings, man saved himself by Thought; to him it was as strength is to the lion, as fleetness to the antelope, as wings to the bird. As on wings also this curiously profitable variation of his brought him into a new world, which was to remain peculiarly his own. But long ages elapsed before he became conscious of the empire that was his to possess, or of the responsibility which accompanied this exclusive dominion; before he came to perceive that the fowl which occupies itself wholly with the earth, loses his part in the dominion of the air.

Men, it would seem, have sought so long for an interpretation of existence outside of life itself that they are incredulous even of the partial explanations which may be framed in terms of human knowledge. It is no longer questioned that mankind is subject to the operation of the laws of Nature, but nevertheless there are many who look askance at any proposal to accept such laws as a preliminary basis for understanding life. That the power of Thought is the distinctive characteristic of humanity, is ignored; that the continued existence of man is dependent upon the cultivation of his intellect, is overlooked; and it is forgotten that man is still in the throes

of the evolutionary process, and that Thought and Knowledge are the means through which his development is being carried forward. Yet these elemental facts dominate us, the very length of human life is fixed in the interest of the mental development of the race, and the duration of infancy is proportioned to the same end.

The Lost Opportunities of the race cry out to us that the stagnation of Egypt, the decadence of Greece, the undoing of Rome, the ill success of Europe, each in turn has proceeded from the failure to recognize Thought as at once the heritage and the responsibility of every individual. So far the greatest glory of the race has been withheld successively from the Nations for that their power has been used to hold the minds of men in servitude, that seeing they might not know, and hearing they might not understand. Nor is this servitude merely an evil memory, it exists today and among us; but now — strange to relate — men are engaged, not in tyrannizing over others, but in shutting themselves out from their own heritage, in evading their own responsibility. Having no slaves except themselves they emulate the despotic conduct of oppressive rulers, in respect to their own minds. They make haste to forget that all the wealth of

Babylonia, of Egypt, of Rome, of Venice, of Spain, has left no single memory that men hold precious; and on the other hand, that the names of Isaiah, of Homer and Plato, of Dante and of Shakespeare, are as the title-deeds of mankind to immortality.

One might suppose that the current insistence on the importance of the public school was due to a perception of the responsibility of man to develop his mind. When, however, we examine the instruction given, and its results, we cannot but see that the public school furnishes an equipment which facilitates the transaction of business without introducing any hostile influence into the commercial atmosphere.

The adult of to-day is not willing to admit that in neglecting the intellectual side of life, he is evading a real responsibility; moreover, he assumes that the public school, which is maintained by his financial support, is of value just in so far as it provides the basis for a business career. The preparation of the youth so that he may be able to bring an acceptable equipment to the service of some future employer is not, however, the function of public education. Whatever the arguments may be that are advanced in advocacy of its establishment, the pur-

pose of the school is the utilization of the years of infancy for mental development. The child, during his period of growth, repeats the experience of the race; he is brought up through an infinite series of adaptations to the stature and mental condition of man. The insect fully matured at birth is without ambition, but the helpless babe learns to aspire to heaven. The prolongation of infancy is necessary for the production of individuals of a high order, for the increase of intelligence, mental flexibility, and receptive capacity; its curtailment limits intellectual growth.

Youth is conservative, imitative and desirous of approval, and it is not the celibate feminine representative of wisdom that attracts him, but the adult male representative of power among men. According to popular belief the boy is so impressionable that he receives in a few years from his female preceptor such a discipline of mind and equipment of knowledge as will suffice for a lifetime. The impetus he receives in his early years towards the intellectual side of life is expected to maintain itself during the succeeding years of eager devotion to non-intellectual pursuits. But the instruction of school has a less potent influence on his ideas than the interests

represented by his fellows and the echoes that reach him from the adult world. As a consequence the boy leaves school alert to imitate the methods and practices of the adults around him, with a preparation that fits him to earn their approval and to share in their success.

The public school is approved by the Commercial Spirit; there is no such unanimity of opinion as regards the university, for in it the influence of the contemporary adult has not yet become dominant. The university introduces its students to ideas that are, in the eyes of the business man, useless and unpractical; in reality it represents a type of existence different from his, and one indeed with which he has little sympathy. The university is not a normal school for training successful practitioners of Finance; it is the means evolved by society for bringing youth into relation with the Thought of the race.

The opinion that the college man has much to unlearn before his services can be utilized in active life, is at once inevitable and mistaken. The college man certainly has much to learn when first he comes into contact with business affairs, for what the office boy has absorbed he must study. The discipline of mind and impetus towards Thought which he has received are not assets immediately

available for business purposes, hence the employer is inclined to regard the college man as one who has thrown away time which might better have been utilized in mastering practical details. This, however, is not the only source of the irritation against higher education manifest in the commercial world; account must be taken of the misconceptions of the college man. But the misconceptions that are serious, that the business man easily recognizes and quickly resents, have their origin, not in the college curriculum, but in the impression received by the student from newspapers and from common report, of the methods and standards accepted in business life. The imagination and emulation of the youth are stirred by the current examples of notable business enterprise, and from these he proceeds to deduce for himself the principles upon which Success is to be achieved. That he is mistaken is not to be charged to the education he has received, but to the adult whose conduct determines the character of the civilization into which the youth must fit himself.

Up to the present the college teacher has been a man so thoroughly dominated by the spirit of the race that unconsciously he has made of himself an offering to the furtherance of the idea represented in mankind. A differ-

ent tendency is, however, beginning to make its appearance, and the University seems about to abandon its old ideals in order that it may justify its existence by becoming intelligible to the adult absorbed in business. Just in so far as this tendency will lead the college professor from the old danger of isolation, it will be beneficial; but there is in it a new danger, that the University, which is the representative of the intellectual side of life in our civilization, should place itself in tutelage to the power which is wholly unintellectual.

We may elaborate school systems and we may endow universities, but we cannot promote mental development so long as the dominant element in society, the adult, is exclusively devoted to commercial Success. It is upon the adult that the obligation towards Thought and Knowledge primarily falls; he cannot perform his duty in this respect by any mere expenditure of money, he cannot devolve his responsibility upon teachers, he cannot transfer his liability to the shoulders of youths.

But, you say, the greatness of Calitopia is not to be achieved by taking thought, we can only await patiently the coming of the Great Man. A strange idea this, born

of incompetent theorizing, for the Great Man is but the index of a Great People; he speaks from the summit of many minds, raised by their thought, inspired by their desire. Athens of the Fifth Century was great, and gave birth to Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; Elizabethan England was great, and gave birth to Marlowe, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But by this Athens, as by this England, is meant, not alone a place, but a people and an audience — men willing to hear and prepared to understand. So the Great Man of Calitopia will not, can not, arise until there are ears to listen and minds to comprehend.

The first step on the way to the greatness of Calitopia will have been taken when the adult of this generation opens his eyes to the mirage-like character of what he

now designates Success; when he accepts the responsibility of his heritage in Thought and Knowledge, no longer excluding these from his own life, no longer setting before children false objects for attainment; and when he is willing to put forth effort to secure a fit audience for the Coming Man. The preparation of this fit audience, in other words the education of the adult, requires, principally, the expenditure of Time. It is above all things necessary that the individual steeped in commercial affairs should relinquish some part of his gains by devoting Time to the service of the mind.

Business certainly must be carried on, without it the activities of society cannot be maintained, but Business is not the End for which men exist here upon Earth. The greatest commercial success, the highest degree of material prosperity, will not make a nation great, nor confer a lasting name upon any individual.

It is necessary that men should work; it is equally necessary that they should have relaxation, that they should relinquish at times the responsibility and effort involved in their occupations. With the continuance of strain, exertion diminishes, and relaxation is the necessary process of recuperation that fits men for renewed activity.

Beyond this alternation lies each man's real life, which he alone may create for himself, he alone possess. This real life is man's inheritance from all his forgotten forefathers, and the obligation rests upon each individual that the Thought of the race should be transmitted to later generations enhanced by his participation.

In addition to work, in addition to recuperative enjoyment, in addition to rest, some Leisure must be found for the service of the mind, some Leisure must be taken for the cultivation of one's individual Being through Thought and Knowledge. To persuade a man of this, so that he act upon it, is to educate him; and through this means only is the future of Calitopia to be attained.

When the adult of today shall have put away from himself even the smallest part of his blind devotion to Success, and accepted even in the least degree his responsibility towards his own mind, then we may look for the coming of the man who will put into words the heart's expression of the good genius of Calitopia, then we may look with confidence for the realization on these shores of the ultimate manifestation of European civilization.

Than this Opportunity, which lies before us, there has

been none and there will be none, more magnificent for men to grasp; than this Calitopia of ours there is no land more worthy of strong men's service.

The Lights Outside

BY ALEXANDER MCADIE.

HE lover of the city, climbing the western hills about sunset, on a day when the veil of fog is not too closely wrapped around the face of Our Lady of the Gate, can see a stretch of water extending from la punta de los Reyes to the Islands of St. James, better known perhaps as Point Reyes

and the Farallones. The glimmer of the western light upon the waters is beautiful beyond expression; and if it should happen that the moon rises ere yet the watcher turns away, he may be forced like that lover of Athens in days long past, to cry out, "So beautiful, it almost hurts." As night falls, sharp eyes can pick up beyond the Heads, the dim beacon on the lightship, while far, far away comes occasionally the flash from the great lens on the Islands-Farallones de los Frayles — not inappro-

priately named by the Spaniard, the "lighthouses of the priests."

Three hundred twenty-eight years ago this June, Francis Drake, adventurer, buccaneer, and incidentally sharer of the spoils with some eminently respectable worthies close to the throne of Elizabeth, named the gray cliffs to the north Nuova Albion. Leaving the beach where for a month he had careened and repaired the stout little Golden Hind, he drove southward across this Ensenada de los Farallones, and unaware that the eyes of white men had as yet beheld these pinnacle rocks, called them the Islands of St. James. Drake's men were probably the first Europeans to land on the Farallones and it may come as something of an agreeable surprise to the people of San Francisco to learn that twenty-eight years before the English language was spoken at Jamestown, the accents of our mother tongue were heard upon the rocky shelves of the Farallones.

But Drake was not the first white man to behold these grim outriders of the fair city of St. Francis. Cabrillo and Ferrelo in November, 1542, or thirty-seven years before Drake, had traversed la bahia de los Pinos, and from a distance sighted the islands. Sailors bold they

were. Men of blood and bone like ourselves, but thrusting out fearlessly upon the unknown sea. Venturesome they were and brave as any in the long line of those who afterward across the plain or over isthmus, toiled and won.

Drake speaks of the Portus Novæ Albionis — the Gate of New England — and later Spanish explorers speak of la Puerta de San Francisco, but none of these ever saw the Golden Gate or entered in. The landfall and the fog probably obscured the view. None the less it is true that New England was originally located on the Gulf of the Farallones, and forty-one years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, stout English throats had lifted a hymn of thanksgiving near the white cliffs that reminded them of home.

Sailing from Monterey, twenty-four years after Drake's visit, Ulloa and Vizcaino, seeking the Cabo de Mendocino, experience south winds and work northward. Then the weather changes — even then as now — and we have the first recorded southeaster. So hard did it blow, the small vessels, the Capitana and Fragata, labored heavily, as well they might. On January 7, 1603, the day of the Los (Santos) Reyes, these voyagers pass the Puerto de San

Francisco. And the narrative then continues: "The Fragata, concluding there was no necessity to seek a harbor, continued the voyage, and the Capitana thinking they were in company did not show a light, so in the morning they were not in sight of each other, and the General returned with the Capitana to the Puerto de San Francisco." Perhaps it was not so easy to display a light as one might imagine. But on all the face of the waters there was not a single light. No friendly gleam telling of human sympathy in the dark. The stars alone were the mariners' friends.

We who look out through the well-lit Gate and mark the steady beam of the lightship, the flicker from the Farallones and the flash from Point Reyes, may well do silent homage to the memory of those who sailed these seas ere yet there was a city within the Gate, or welcoming lights outside.

[My authority is Professor George Davidson, for many years in charge of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and now Professor of Geography in the University of California. Dr. Davidson has personally visited and identified all points on our Coast mentioned by the Early Explorers.]

Philopolis

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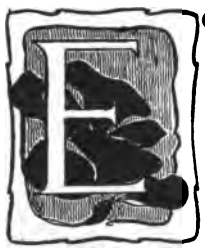
E, the people, do not know whether to be flattered or chagrined at the presentment. On top, the cynosure of all eyes, underfoot we are patted and petted, we are squeezed and skinned, and between the pricks and pains we are urged and threatened, and flattered and begged or cajoled to favor with our favor, every class or species of institution, association, corporation, federation and union. And we ask feelingly, who are we, anyhow, we, the people, shadowy shapes, a flimsy vision of a disordered mind, or substantial matter, whom business cannot live without; a somebody whom the plumber, the shop keeper, and the carman, unionized or incorporated, must have, or die a miserable, unwept death.

Philopolis

The writer has a fleeting fancy that we are the real essence of things, at once the mind and matter of civilization; a something socialism handles with delicate care and places away to one side, labeled talent. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt we the people have talent. We do things. We are the initiative, both in the quantitative and in the qualitative. Merchant or organizer of a trust, washerwoman or thief, carpenter or baker, artist or inventor of mechanical devices, it matters little in what garb or trade we move, we move by the spirit that is within us; not simply because a mess of oats is held before our noses. Without us humanity would be an unleavened mass of dough, for we are the yeast that makes life palatable. And while it is not to be said that the laborer or the manipulator are become, or were ever ntended to become more honest in a civilized society, we may say that civilization is a process of relieving the people of the grosser evils of existence. Machinery is a means to this end. Although in its primitive stages it may appear to work in the opposite direction, it will be found ultimately to have fulfilled its duty to society, that of placing a minimum demand on labor. The repeated reductions of the hours of manual labor are but effects of

the operation of machinery and it is only a question of time when the commercial strength of labor in our social organization will reach its lowest level. Therefore while we sympathize with certain classes of workers in their unionized efforts to keep their heads above the surface, we see in all labor unions the chief agent of machinery, moving labor off the face of things. Human intelligence is predestined to master brute force; it is indefatigable; it has no laboring hours or hours for work; and we the people know and are glad that all institutions capitalized or unionized have recognized what they are up against.



CONOMICS spun her designs in lightning flashes in Shackville during the last few months and Dame Extravagance ran riot through the town. The shopkeeper and the contractor thought they had struck a Klondike pocket of inexhaustible extent, but there was a false bottom. San Francisco did not have a Crisis, some of our good citizens were merely disappointed; the exhilaration of finding themselves alive, the stirring scenes of the building of Shackville, insurance

money and the relief funds that poured into their treasuries, inflated finance and trade to such an extent that a little stage pompery appeared to be the real thing. Now that the city is settling down to an even keel and we are about to rebuild for permanent business, it might be well to tell the material dealers and trusts, the contractors' associations and the labor and trade unions, that while San Francisco may be likened to a good fat orange, it does not pay to squeeze it too hard. The life of every city depends upon the country, the labor union and the granger ultimately come face to face. While both these factors in production may conceive an egotistical notion that all the rest of mankind are parasites, there is no denying the fact that both the city and the country laborer owe a debt of gratitude to the ingenuity of the parasite in providing them with cars to run, threshing machines, etc. San Francisco has had her flamboyant period, her gay fling at being alive; the figure was not badly cut, it was enjoyable. All the rest is regular work and play, each in its proper hour and at the regular price. The rebuilding of the City alone on a fair basis is enough to make every honest, capable man rich, so don't squeeze it.

Philopolis

HE man of the hour and the one who should be our next Mayor, is he who had the genius to smile and saw wood during the last few weeks. As a rule in ordinary times we are very like the happy family in the menagerie and we are apt to allow some thunder headed egoist do our business for us. Are we going to settle back to the old order and see our public and semi-public edifices erected by incompetency and grafted on egotism, or are we to smile right along at the idiot and give him an asylum in the lack of occupation?

One of the best provisions of the Charter is for a Board of Public Works, and we would suggest that this body be improved rather than as hinted at to reduce its efficiency by curtailing its powers and passing them over to a Board of Supervisors that is anything but expert in the building line. Remember amateur builders, however honest, are far more expensive than experts, regardless of any prejudice you may have to the contrary.

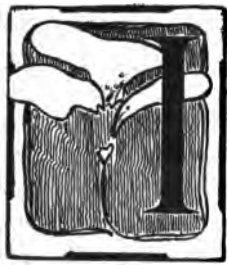
Sometimes fair truth in fiction
we disguise
Sometimes present her naked
to men's eyes.

—Hesiod

MATERNITY
By Mary Curtis Richardson

Commercial Outlook of San Francisco

By Charles H. Bentley



T is most gratifying to see how quickly many of our large commercial institutions are recovering their losses and regaining the position they held prior to the disaster, for it not only reflects the pluck, enterprise and intelligence of our merchants, but it indicates that our commercial prospects are not dependent on merely local conditions, but on larger and enduring principles. Let us have courage, strength and good cheer for the stupendous task that lies before us and learn well our lesson and not forget to provide for the execution of better building laws, for fire barriers, for an auxiliary fire fighting system, and for the early removal of the inflammable buildings which are a constant menace to the higher class buildings about them and to the community at large.

The more important factors entering into our commercial development are: The natural resources of our state; the location of our city and harbor with reference to these resources and with reference to markets; our means of transportation; our markets; our labor condi-

tions; and the enterprise, intelligence and character of our people.

As the farmer passes the stage where he merely raises what he eats and wears and has a surplus to sell, he attains commercial significance, so also the community. It will accordingly be interesting to observe what products—beyond our own requirement—California, and her chief store-keeper, San Francisco, have for sale.

Of mineral products there are asphaltum, bituminous rock, borax, copper, gold, silver and quicksilver.

The natural products are lumber, fuel oil, honey and wool.

The agricultural products are barley, beans, fruit, hops, and seed.

The manufactured products are flour, sugar, fruit products, petroleum products and wine.

With an adequate supply of labor most of these products can be developed indefinitely, and on many of them we enjoy a natural monopoly. The oil fields still being discovered and up to the present time only sampled, promise cheap steam fuel for generations to come. The streams flowing from our high mountains offer unlimited and unceasing supplies of cheap electrical power. Our climate is in itself a resource of large commercial signifi-

PINE STREET FROM BATTERY

cance, not merely for its attractiveness to the tourist and the money which he spends and invests, but from the fact that our industries are never hampered at any season of the year by extremes of temperature. Our great needs are iron and steel and the hundreds of industries which would quickly develop in our midst if these metals could be produced.

Our magnificent harbor is a sure promise of our commercial supremacy by reason of its safety, its ease of

has again failed to pass the Ship Subsidy Bill designed to give a corresponding measure of protection to an industry, of which we were once most proud.

The importance of the railway betterments now being made in our city is not at all appreciated. The Southern Pacific Company, the Santa Fe and the Western Pacific are each spending millions at the present time here in San Francisco for the development of their terminals. The extension of the Belt Line — a necessary improvement — is practically assured. The Ocean Shore, which opens up to us a new and fertile region, is approaching completion. These facts are significant, not merely in the present expenditure of large sums of money and in the improvement of our shipping facilities, but as showing in a practical way, the confidence that the great transportation companies have in our commercial development.

There can be no doubt as to the very great benefit to be derived from the construction of the Isthmian Canal. We shall doubtless lose the slight benefit of rehandling goods of Eastern manufacture now being shipped by us to the Orient and other foreign ports, but the fact that we shall be on the great steaming circle between Europe and the Orient, promises us quicker,

UNION SQUARE

cheaper, better and more frequent service with the great markets of the world, and the canal route will act at least as a leveler of rail freights for shipment of our products to the Eastern markets of our own country. The recent opening of the Tehuantepec Route has given us a foretaste of the benefits which we may expect from the construction of the canal. A large cargo of California products has been despatched over this route at tariffs much below the transcontinental rail rates for the same products. The rail routes have announced their intention of meeting the reduced tariff, and the California products available for shipment are deriving the direct benefit of this competition. Our fellow citizen, Mr. William R. Wheeler, recently appointed by President Roosevelt as one of the Commissioners on Immigration, gave it as his opinion that one of the benefits to come to us from the construction of the Isthmian Canal will be the immigration of desirable peasant laborers from European countries. The present expense and perplexities of travel across our Continent prevent us from securing any great number of those who are now coming to Atlantic ports.

Our foreign markets continue to develop beyond our capacity to supply the demand and with almost no effort

upon our part. The inquiries for California products come from China, Japan, Manchuria, India and the Straits Settlements, and practically every important market in the world where hostile tariffs do not prevent.

It is an unfortunate fact that practically all of California's natural resources are husbanded at the same time, in the Summer and Fall months. Labor is needed for these industries for say six months, but cannot be profitably employed for the whole year. Under such circumstances it has been difficult to encourage immigration of the best class of labor, and under such circumstances the employment of Orientals, who, as a rule, have no families to support and who can shift for themselves during a portion of the year, has been a natural — if not a necessary — development. If we could learn to smelt our iron ores with fuel oil, with electricity, or otherwise, and produce iron and steel economically, hundreds of industries dependent upon these metals would flourish and give employment throughout the year to skilled and unskilled labor, would largely increase our wealth, and do much to solve some of our labor difficulties.

We hear a great deal more talk about high wages and about labor troubles than we do about high prices and high rents. But the laboring men of San Francisco are

no worse than they are in any other large community, and taken individually, they are probably quite as good as the merchants. The difficulty lies with their leaders. Whenever there is a general feeling of distress among them, there probably is something the matter. The great trouble is that they usually go for diagnosis to "quack doctors," whose livelihood depends upon a continuance of the malady, and who always have the "dope" ready to bring on another attack, if the patient shows signs of recovery. Our labor situation would speedily clear itself if the leaders were men who had regard for public welfare, men of honesty and intelligence, men who would not sell out nor betray their trust.

Among the virtues usually ascribed to Californians, modesty is not always mentioned, and in considering the enterprise and intelligence of our merchants, perhaps, it will be sufficient merely at this time to refer to the extent of our rehabilitation and to our bank-clearings, which continue to make record breaking figures. At a time when our shame is being exploited to the world, it may seem immodest to claim any great spirit as a factor in the development of our commerce; but since the disaster we have had hundreds of striking examples of great courage and of high business integrity, which we like to

MONTGOMERY STREET

believe typical of our people, fulfilling the policy of the Pioneers, and their doctrine of the "square deal". It is written in the Scriptures: "And the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." We find peculiar appli-

cation of this saying in the conditions which have surrounded us. At a time when fortunes were swept away, when fire insurance seemed the only salvation for many of our commercial institutions, when some supposedly reputable fire insurance companies evaded their just obligations and apparently hoped to find some precedent or excuse in the action of the California companies, our hearts were warmed and our courage renewed when the two local companies — crippled by reason of their very faith in San Francisco — vindicated their high reputation, proposed to pay their losses without equivocation, and "came through with the goods". Such spirit of sacrifice, courage and integrity we like to think as typical of our commercial activities, and this spirit is a fundamental principle of our commercial development.

These remarks are supposed to be confined to material or utilitarian considerations — not the highest motives for civic righteousness — but we cannot have our full measure of prosperity, nor the high degree of commercial development to which our natural position entitles us, unless there is a quickening of civic conscience and a high order of honest and aggressive citizenship. So long as men, selfishly absorbed in their business affairs, are indifferent to the questions of public welfare, and in cow-

ardice, selfishness or hypocrisy, excuse themselves by deploring the "filthiness of politics," so long will we have incompetent and unfaithful government, injuring our credit and our standing in the commercial world.

During the twelfth century, the Christian Church apparently sought to withdraw from the sin and wickedness of the world. The great Benedictine abbeys were built, and the devout secluded themselves. going into retirement for meditation and prayer. But in the dawning of the thirteenth century, came the great Saint of the Middle Ages, who resisted the seduction of the contemplative life, who saw that seclusion and retirement from the struggle was a diguised selfishness, and that "one saves one's self in saving others". He was not ordained by the Church, but ordained of God; the founder not of a Mendicant but a Laboring Order — the Order which centuries after founded missions on this far away shore. He has been called the Patron Saint of our City, Saint Francis of Assisi. Shall we then, bearing his name, in indifference, selfishness, cowardice or hypocrisy, withdraw from the everlasting conflict for good government, or shall we with eternal vigilance stand for the right, do something day by day for the betterment of our city, do

our duty as citizens — be Franciscans, be SAN FRANCISCANS?

Thank God, there are some among us willing to give their time, their means and their energy for the protection of our city, and to them we are profoundly grateful. They give us splendid examples of courage and good citizenship. But with all their efforts, noble as they are, they cannot save the city—WE MUST SAVE OURSELVES. If we are worthy of this opportunity which they are creating for us and worthy of the name of citizens, then shall we actively support the cause of good government, a government not of any party, of any creed, but a government of the wisest and best chosen for their fitness to serve the whole people; then shall we support the principles of liberty and toleration, of justice and order — then shall the commercial, political and social conditions of our city yield the greatest blessings of happiness and prosperity.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR
OUR CRITICS WHO THINK
WE ARE TWIRLING
OUR THUMBS

Philopolis

VOL. I JULY 25, 1907 No. 10

ART & BUSINESS

LL prejudice aside, no one can fail to see that the United Railroads is a splendidly organized corporation. A mere casual inspection of the streets where it has laid new tracks is proof that the editor in one of our papers quite overstepped the limits of discretion when he accused this company of being responsible for the chaotic condition of lower Market street. We note the comment as one of the humorous incidents of a trying situation. At the same time we are not given to exaggerating the skill in affairs of Mr. Calhoun, for there are others working quietly out of the lime light where this gentleman would undoubtedly prefer being, in reordering their private business. Any one of these men

would make an ideal mayor, for they are men of large affairs, not business men in the ordinary commercial sense, but men who can get beyond a yard stick and a measure of coal.

Your true business man is not the one who squeezes the last nickel from the slot machine, nor the one who can shave a note the cleanest, but he who is resourceful, inventive, who knows what he cannot do and what others can do, and never fails to put the right man in the right place, regardless of favor or personal prejudice.

HEN asked why we don't give some attention to certain comments from the north, south and east of us, that savor of biliousness, gall and wormwood, our answer is that comment, misstatement of fact, a notation of individual opinion, prejudice, or slander, is not criticism. Our modern philanthropy is not of the Spartan kind. We save our petting, and pampering and charity for idiots, the perverted, and the halt and blind. Our charity often handicaps the strong. and at times one dreams that the modern press is an

institution provided by kind providence to dole out modern charity in large doses to those who have no use for it.

Therefore we are given to resisting praise from the daily press and carry our load of blame with pride. Still at the same moment the truth is not to be overlooked. Our method of charitable distribution overleaps justice and spells graft when offices of a public nature are among gifts which our doubtful philanthropists may present to incompetency. Seeking the soft job and getting it through error stricken friendship is a petty crime of a double headed nature, and withal so insidious in effect that both parties to the trade eventually become morally atrophied. As a consequence the wrong man squats in charity, or in any office as his birth right, and plays hocus pocus with all our better intuitions. Occasionally under the stress of trying conditions we swallow our sense of propriety and lay the lash on stupidity. For the nonce we are Spartan, and would strangle incapacity in infancy or in old age; but the act is only a moral spasm and withal is contrary, as suggested, to modern ideals of philanthropy.

So, when San Francisco, stricken but convalescent, becomes the butt of criticism, we are inclined to let all such pass as evidence that we are getting strong again,

or that some one who has merely a soft place in journalism, is trying to earn a living by exhibiting his impudence as news.

We don't need a Napoleon at the present moment. We have quite sufficient. What we need is a more discreet and intelligent criticism of men in the lime light, or a public that has learned that adverse criticism when unjustified is as the wine to the strong. It is the incompetent who quake under fire, and beg immunity from criticism, justified or unjustified.

NDOUBTEDLY the carmen's strike for shorter hours and longer pay came at an inopportune moment; still we are inclined to feel that they would have had more of success if their leaders had shown greater ingenuity in obstructing street traffic. Throwing bricks and exploding dynamite under cars is at this date so commonplace, that almost every child on the sidewalk knows how to avoid all such. Short circuiting the wires is a clumsy and an exceedingly hellish plan of action, as innocent parties are

more in danger in these instances than supposedly guilty oppressors of labor. The boycott is too barbarous for words and so completely unreliable as a weapon, offensive and defensive, that it may be likened to a hoop. For, as any one knows, the hoop is quite as apt to strike you below the knees if stamped upon as it is to suffer consequences from the grind of a vicious heel. Therefore, considering the extent of the strike sympathy, the surprise is that in all of that symposium of talent, no one was found early enough in the game who realized the efficiency of a balky horse as a barricade or interference to street railways. A half dozen or so, distributed intelligently, would have settled the strike within four hours. Si's mule would not have been a circumstance in thoroughness. However, as institutions are cumbersome bodies and are inclined to inaction and lack of wit at psychological moments, we suppose it was through no lack of inventiveness on the part of the individual members of the union, but rather by reason of its directorate's inability to see a joke in the right light.

Now we are not in a humorous mood. We know the efficiency of the balky horse in tying up car lines, for we witnessed a small affair of the kind a few days past. We were voyaging across town, but unlike the rest of the

passengers were figuring on a possible automobile of our own, thereby cooling our temper for any delay. We saw ourselves prone in the dust under the belly of our imaginary machine, or pumping wind into the tires, and finally taking to a railroad and going home, leaving our locomotor behind, when the car stopped longer than usual, and we were brought to by a vociferous individual who shouted again and again, "Oh, get off the earth and let us go about our business!" "Can't you see?" another responded, "that fellow's horse won't move, so I can't, either." He could not. The very suggestion the balky horse conveyed to his skull prevented him from driving on regardless of the fact that the said unwilling steed was relatively miles out of his way.

We were inclined to construct a parable on the affair, suggesting that the balky beast was like a Mayor who would not go, surrounded by a gathering who could not, merely because the donkey would not. But thinking better of the incident, we took the other idea, and offer it to the aggressive party in the next car strike, as a perfectly humane method of annoying the city.

ND now to come closer to modern history — the foregoing being nothing but fragments of bygones entered in our records to make them complete. We have been, or still are, confronted with a situation or an invitation that is unique, perhaps in the tale of cities. Stubbornness is but a freak in firmness, quite as egotism is confidence gone mad. To be stubborn and an egoist in the presence of a disabled city growing convalescent, when life depends upon the final recovery of the patient, is too ridiculously absurd for words. Devil may care who advises the appointment of the new Mayor — or who did. No one knows which it will be when this is in print. All we want is a man, and if he is a man Heaven help the skulking cur who casts bricks at him all for the joy of spoiling his face. Quibbling over legal technicalities and refusing to play in the back yard with the other small boy, when there is a new Mayor, a real Mayor about to be installed, is very like refusing to go to the circus because the cook spoiled the dinner.

We, the people, are interested. We have never yet seen the strings pulled in Mayor making. Think of the

opportunity to create a leader who knows the difference between placing policemen on public conveyances and a private team; a leader who won't be bribed into allowing a merchant to occupy a sidewalk regardless; a Mayor who won't stoop to engaging in a restaurateur's broil with his cooks; a Mayor who is sufficiently unattached to say "No" to the seeker after special privileges. What an opportunity lost — if it is lost — the chance to make a Mayor that is a Mayor; and all because of a mere tiff.

Shades of our fathers! No man ever wilfully ran his own business, without driving it into the ground. Business is a fair give and take. It is not squeezing the last dollar out of any one or maltreating either master or servant.

R. TAYLOR'S entrance into the political atmosphere in accepting the — at the moment — onerous office of Mayor, appears very like the game of consequences to the interested observer who belongs to neither of the factions in the town, which have come to understand themselves to be the city — the rest being merely dependent upon the

bounty of the two in question. And the remarks of one of the prominent leaders of exclusive industrialists, that the doctor, from the nature of his business, is necessarily a special pleader all the time and in all positions, reads oddly at the moment — sounds, in truth, very much as though some one had suddenly woke up to the fact that San Francisco wants a Mayor, and had neglected the opportunity, until too late, to assist in appointing one.

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

St. Matthew vi: 26. 28. 29.

THE CREATION OF MAN, BY MICHELANGELO—SISTINE CHAPEL

Philopolis

RITICS of Michelangelo have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful strength, verging, as in the things of the imagination great strength always does, on what is singular or strange. A certain strangeness, something of the blossoming of the aloe, is indeed an element in all true works of art; that they shall excite or surprise us is indispensable. But that they shall give pleasure and exert a charm over us is indispensable too; and this strangeness must be sweet also — a lovely strangeness. And to the true admirers of Michelangelo this is the true type of the Michelangelesque — sweetness and strength, pleasure with surprise, an energy of conception which seems at every moment about to break through all the conditions of comely form, recovering, touch by touch, a loveliness found only in the simplest natural things — ex forti dulcedo.

In this way he sums up for them the whole character of medieval art itself in that which distinguishes it most clearly from classical work, the presence of a convulsive energy in it, becoming in lower hands merely monstrous

or forbidding, but felt, even in its most graceful products, as a subdued quaintness or grotesque. Yet those who feel this grace or sweetness in Michelangelo might at the first moment be puzzled if they were asked wherein precisely the quality resided. Men of inventive temperament — Victor Hugo, for instance, in whom, as in Michelangelo, people have for the most part been attracted or repelled by the strength, while few have understood his sweetness — have sometimes relieved conceptions of merely moral or spiritual greatness, but with little æsthetic charm of their own, by lovely accidents or accessories, like the butterfly which alights on the blood stained barricade in Les Miserables.

Of the whole story of the creation he has painted only the creation of the first man and woman, and, for him at least, feebly, the creation of light. It belongs to the quality of his genius thus to concern itself almost exclusively with the creation of man. For him it is not, as in the story itself, the last and crowning act of a series of developments, but the first and unique act, the creation of life itself in its supreme form, off-hand and immediately, in the cold and lifeless stone. With him the beginning of life has all the characteristics of resurrection; it

is like the recovery of suspended health or animation, with its gratitude, its effusion, and eloquence. Fair as the young men of the Elgin marbles, the Adam of the Sistine Chapel is unlike them in a total absence of that balance and completeness which express so well the sentiment of a self-contained, independent life. In that languid figure there is something rude and satyr-like, something akin to the rugged hillside on which it lies. His whole form is gathered into an expression of mere expectation and reception; he has hardly strength enough to lift his finger to touch the finger of the creator; yet a touch of the finger-tips will suffice.

This creation of life — life coming always as relief or recovery, and always in strong contrast with the rough-hewn mass in which it is kindled — is in various ways the motive of all his work, whether its immediate subject be Pagan or Christian, legend or allegory; and this, although at least one-half of his work was designed for the adornment of tombs — the tomb of Julius, the tombs of the Medici. Not the Judgment but the Resurrection is the real subject of his last work in the Sistine Chapel; and his favorite Pagan subject is the legend of Leda, the delight of the world breaking from the egg of a bird. As

I have already pointed out, he secures that ideality of expression which in Greek sculpture depends on a delicate system of abstraction, and in early Italian sculpture on lowness of relief, by an incompleteness, which is surely not always undesigned, and which I suppose no one regrets, and trusts to the spectator to complete the half-emergent form. And as his persons have something of the unwrought stone about them, so, as if to realize the expression by which the old Florentine records describe a sculptor — master of live stone — with him the very rocks seem to have life; they have but to cast away the dust and scurf that they may rise and stand on their feet. He loved the very quarries of Carrara, those strange grey peaks which even at mid-day convey into any scene from which they are visible something of the solemnity and stillness of evening, sometimes wandering among them month after month, till at last their pale ashen colours seem to have passed into his painting; and on the crown of the head of the David there still remains a morsel of uncut stone, as if by one touch to maintain its connection with the place from which it was hewn.

WALTER PATER.

"FIN DE JOUR"

The Rights of the Voter

BY CURTIS HILLYER

ERHAPS few cities have had so much to contend with in so short a time as San Francisco has had, and no doubt no city has ever braved the battle so courageously and so masterfully. The task is not complete, far from it, but it is well begun, and there is more than a mere glimmer of hope for a more pure and better atmosphere. It is the allegiance of the citizen, the loyalty of the inhabitant of our city, that has carried her through the first stages of trial and is leading her on to be a more worthy domicile for a more worthy people. The removal of the incumbent of the mayoral chair and the placing therein of a man who we all believe is honest, has enabled us to hold our heads up again and breathe more freely and with less shame, and now that we have come so far and the time approaches when officers must be chosen to fill the positions of our municipal organization, let us not forget our

duty to ourselves and to the city, and provide worthy leaders. It has been said, and truly said, that the weakest phase of the governmental system of the United States is the government of the municipality. Now, if we look with care, it will appear too truly that every feature of government is fairly well conceived save the government nearest at hand in a large community. Shortly before the time of election a list of names is presented to the voter for him to choose from, and he is asked to exercise care and good judgment in selecting proper officers from this list, of which it may be said the average citizen had never before ever heard of a single one. From such a system it is incredible that proper results should be expected.

The voter, therefore, is at the mercy of the system provided for him, to choose the municipal fathers. It is a duty so complex that the cry is urgent for a simplification of the same. More power should be placed in the hands of the people, more intelligent power; and this should be done, to speak paradoxically, by taking away from them a considerable portion of the powers which they now attempt to use, and which result in confusion and our present troubles in municipal government. It

has been tried in large communities and with successful results and should be encouraged in our own community. The electoral functions of the voter at present are broad and sweeping and practically impossible to be properly performed. By subtracting from the present electoral rights of our people, we will lessen the burden and increase the value of the vote by rendering more certain the intelligent and proper exercise of the same.

A vote is of no value unless it expresses a choice, and to go further it may be said a vote if it be not the expression of a choice on the part of a voter, is worse than a mere nothing, it is a source of danger, because it prevents the votes of those who have a choice from controlling the election. A vote is intelligent if it expresses an intelligent opinion, even though the opinion be wrong. It is far better for the community to suffer occasionally for its mistakes of judgment than for it to flounder along at haphazard with elections, the result of blind chance.

Where a mistake is made in consequence of bad judgment, experience will provide a remedy, but where the relation of cause and effect is obscured there is no chance to profit by experience.

So it is better for us to take the consequences occas-

OUR NEW BATTERY STREET

ionally of having an election the result of a wrong conviction, if it expresses a real wish of the voter, than to have it the result of a mere reckless chance.

The principal reason why we have bad municipal government in San Francisco is that we provide an electoral obligation without providing a brand of voter who can or will discharge it.

Does the intelligent voter realize what his duties as elector are and how incompetent he is to discharge them intelligently? It is our conviction that as a rule he has but the faintest appreciation of these duties and no realization of the responsibility imposed upon him. Our governmental scheme has provided him a task that he not only will not, but in most cases could not, discharge properly even if he would.

When we try to figure out the best kind of a government, we must consider the materials out of which we make the machinery, and sooner or later we come back to the proposition, that the foundation is the individual voter, and this voter is furnished to us as one of the conditions of the problem.

You must recognize two characteristics of your voter and provide accordingly; first, he will insist upon voting

for all officials for whom he is entitled to vote; and second, that he will pay little attention to the personal fitness of any but the heads of the tickets.

The old idea that the party endorsement of a candidate is any guarantee of his fitness, hardly merits mention. Yet it is the sole and unintelligent reason for a so-called choice by many a voter.

It is the desire of everybody to provide as good men as can be found to fill public positions, and the intention of the voter should never be doubted; at the same time we should realize the impossibility of the average voter to meet the candidate and form even the slightest opinion of his merits and qualifications to fill the position. Finally almost no thought is given at all as to what the position demands of the candidate. Do we ever realize how complex are the duties to be performed by many of the officers and how little adapted the candidate is to fulfill the same. How great is the chance of failure of bringing candidate and position together when more than the average voters have no knowledge of the one nor understanding of the other. The decency of the average American citizen saves the community from what would almost regularly be disastrous. Still as our country grows this uncertainty becomes less hopeful.

An overwhelming majority of the vote of our city is honest in the wide sense of the word when there is no immediate personal interest involved — an overwhelming majority is incompetent to discharge the duties which we impose upon it by our law.

It is true this applies to both state and municipal governments. If it be granted that a vote is worthless when it expresses no intelligent opinion of the voter, either from want of opinion or from want of opportunity to form an intelligent opinion, the conclusion follows that the vast majority of the vote cast at state and municipal elections is worthless, because, in the nature of the case, the voter does not have the opportunity to know the real merits of most of the men he votes for, or to form any opinion of any value upon the subject, and because he has neither time nor inclination nor opportunity to make any, even cursory, inquiry as to most of them.

The average voter is and always will be interested mainly in one or two important offices at the head of the ticket and indifferent as to most of the rest. He will form some idea of the necessary accomplishments of the candidate and also of the requirements of the office to be filled. In the state election he considers the merits of

the respective candidates for governor, possibly the supreme justice also, and for the rest of the ticket he cares nothing. Ask yourself if you know any reason for your choice in the last election for state printer, clerk of the supreme court, controller, treasurer, surveyor general or secretary of state; or in the last election, or any previous election, for recorder, county clerk, supervisors, coroner, sheriff, or justices of the peace. Yet you knew a good deal about who the candidates for mayor were and why you voted as you did upon that question. When we ask our voters in San Francisco to choose at one election thirty-six men out of say one hundred and eight, we impose on them a task which they cannot even approximately perform acceptably.

Our government is not so bad for little communities where each man knows his neighbor who seeks the office. He can pass an intelligent judgment on twenty candidates — if he knows the men. It is in our crowded cities that our government fails because we cannot exercise a choice from lack of knowledge.

You cannot make your voter to order. Your education of him is a slow process at best. As you find the material you must make the garment, and it is the height

of folly to design the plan of city and state government along such lines that the exercise of the elective franchise in an enlightened manner becomes a practical impossibility even to the best intentioned voter.

In San Francisco we tried the experiment a few years ago of remodelling our charter so as to centralize the government to a limited extent. For a few years under that charter we had a fairly good government and it was apparently improving when the last administration came into power.

Since then it has gone from bad to worse, but we have this comfort — we know where the trouble lies. We can put our finger on the individual who is the responsible party. It is the mayor, and we can remedy the trouble whenever we choose by electing a good man, mayor. And this is not so simple. It is the man whom we have to seek for the office that we want, and not the man who seeks the office.

"But," says one, "we have had a chance to remedy this in two elections and we have failed to do it."

"Who have?" I reply.

"The people."

And yet the opposition to the centralized city govern-

LAST OF THE OLD; BEGINNING OF THE NEW PALACE HOTEL

ment is founded on the proposition that the more government is left to the people, the better.

It is a disputable proposition that the last election here was any proof that the people do not want good government. It seems, on the contrary, that the re-election of the former incumbent to the mayor's chair was because the people believed that an economic question was involved which was paramount to the question of good government; and the last election was, according to this test, a good election, because the voters knew why they voted for the mayor, and whether mistakenly or not, voted according to their reason. Aye, some go a bit further and say they voted the whole municipal ticket in order that we might have a fill of such an administration.

But the last election was a bad one in this, that it dragged into office a miscellaneous horde of supervisors and county officers who were swept in with the ticket. Whenever administrative officers are swept in with the ticket it is a sure thing that they are sweepings. These men are not responsible to the mayor, nor does the defeat of the mayor necessarily remove them, for most of them maintain in office a crowd of petty campaigners

sufficient in numbers and activity to secure their re-election in ordinary years, if the general unintelligent, that is non-independent vote, is approximately evenly divided between the parties.

You can have a good government with good men in office even if the scheme of government be bad. You will have a bad government with bad men in office even if the scheme of government be good, unless you exercise discretion. Laws were never yet devised nor checks conceived which dishonesty cannot circumvent. The bank and safe deposit company does not exist in the country whose deposits and securities do not rest at the mercy of the honesty of a handful of men.

Then the problem of municipal government resolves itself into a question of how to get good men. Not how to circumscribe and check them in office, but how to get them into office in the first place.

This is more difficult than we can realize. It requires a successful man to fill the office and as a rule the successful man is preoccupied with his own private affairs, particularly so at this moment in our own community. Again, when we have found him, he should be protected and not criticized and attacked on all sides by the press.

If such protection could be afforded, the task of bringing the able private citizen to the front would be much simplified. It will be necessary to seek him at his work and invite him to divide his energy between private and public duties.

So here is the finger pointed at the remedy. Reduce the number of electoral offices to a minimum.

You may vest your government in a mayor and a small number of supervisors or in a commission if you want. But they must be made conspicuous so that the voter will canvass their personnel, and there must be few enough so that he will be able to canvass them thoroughly. In San Francisco this could be done in two ways; have the mayor appoint the treasurer, tax collector, sheriff, county clerk, city attorney, assessor, and the many other minor officers. There would be less chance of hazardous results for the very reason that the responsibility is placed in the hands of one man and he is looked to for a proper administration.

Reduce the number of supervisors or lengthen their term, and introduce a system of rotation in office. so that not more than four or five would be elected at one elec-

tion. This would give the body some stability and there would always be a nucleus to follow or abandon.

This would leave the voter a chance to exercise his infallible judgment on a mayor, district attorney, auditor and five supervisors, and even then, as Mr. Dill says, "Too much is a plenty."

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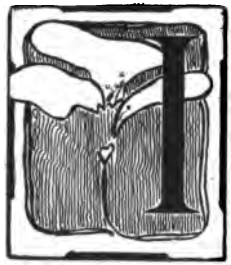

MAGINATION, the mother of invention and the source of all human progress, labors in mediocracy as well as in intelligence. Nightmares of human invention disturb our day dreams. Caricature, when not conceived in a healthy humor, is damnation to the caricaturist. Phantasy, the playful child of the artist, becomes a monstrosity when conceived by a laboring mind. Therefore we conclude that the best the average man can do is to be rational. For him to attempt otherwise is only to second the abominations of nature. Our senses of relations, proportions, values and distances, are very much matters of cultivation. The child grabs at the moon and clumsy

fingers labor over simple tasks. Necessity drives men to building bare shelters and compels them to gather the fruits of nature, but the impulse ceases so soon as the weather and the wolf are closed outside.

The puritan perceived the love of beauty and vanity to be the same. Purity and the austere were to him twin brothers. Consequently we conclude again that the necessity of a beautiful existence does not appear to men as a mass, but is the moving force of a small portion only. While the academy has never found the exact receipt for beauty, or no people ever reached it without garnering a proportion of the hideous, we may say without fear of contradiction that the academy, as a rule, has taught the masses the inefficiencies in beauty of the bedaubed and shell bedecked savage. The pathway of the academy is blazed with cast-off nose rings and tumbled idols of ugliness, still no one should perceive in the art school, as an institution, anything more than a gymnasium for the disciplining of a naturally artistic mind.

A true civilization is one that is domineered by its sense of responsibility to beauty, rather than by the necessities of commerce. Therefore we agree with Mr. Teggert when he intimates that (commercial) success is

not a true standard of measure for a civilized community to adopt. It is debasing, and if accepted by society it is a confession that the highest ideal is to graft itself on the direful necessities of men in general, regardless of all our impulses to the contrary. A community of this kind is worse than savage, for it protects private property interests and no man is free to pick the fruits of nature or occupy a foot of ground without paying a tax. Our philosophers and philanthropists have again and again pointed to the effects of the pursuit of mere commercial success, but they always stop short of plunging their fists down into the seething heap of a commercial existence and dragging out the damned viciousness of it, and its unprofitableness in the end. As a result we are offered palliatives only. We are given the almshouse and the charity institution. Great academies are endowed but the students of the art fall away from their ideals, and we do not see that youth with every nerve trained, every perception refined for a hurt, is sure to go to the devil if not smashed to bits when thrust into a laboring existence that screams out derision of the beautiful life.

As a result the academy — artistic or otherwise — is perverted and made subjective to commercial usages.

Instead of being schools they become factories for the making of factory and counting house laborers — then the climax — the receipts at the door are paramount to the quality of the goods delivered to the people.

THE idea of locating a public library on the hill came to us in the so called library of the Mark Hopkins' house. We were wont to sit there with a book in the lap as an aplology for viewing the prospect and moralizing on the beatitude of an art institute without the arts. The experience was enjoyable. Our back was to the painted walls and ugly book cases, and not an atom obstructed the view to the south pole. And not being entirely selfish we conceived on the spot a resort of such ample proportions that any one with time enough to read or study, and who truly knew how to do either, might hie himself there and profit hugely where he would have profited little in a mere reading room. We have seen people — old ones — sit on the curb and brave the winds just for a view from the hills-

We have even seen others reading while straddling a fence, up there. So we always felt that when we were prepared to launch our project that we would have a large and sympathetic following, and if any one believes that we were not fully prepared to meet the strictures that our ideas were exotic, inhuman and unbusiness like, she or he has missed.

Have we not in the course of Eternity travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial company: have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

—Carlyle.

CARLYLE
James McNeal Whistler

Whistler's Carlyle

RT is the science of the beautiful and the masterpiece is complete in the beginning — as perfect in the bud as in the full flower. So when Carlyle on entering the studio of Whistler, casually remarked, as he glanced over the painter's work-table, that these are indeed the tools of the master, he finished the story of the translation of the work of art from its inception as it lay concealed in the artist's mind, as in a bud, to its revelation in the completed work.

Still there are some who would quarrel with simplicity and like the child who has pulled the music-box to bits, dispute with themselves, despairing of ever finding the music. Children, Whistler when he framed his convictions in the words at the top of this page, meant you to understand that love and the painter were one in every masterpiece. To him (the fine) art (of painting) is the science (the comprehending the skillful translation of the bud into) the beautiful (in workmanship).

Whether it carried on its face the portrait of the writer Carlyle, his own mother, or a Venetian vista, a

blacksmith or a child of Cheapside in far London town, the picture is always the same with men like Whistler —all is fish that comes to their nets and all becomes beautiful in the art.

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An Academy of History

BY H. MORSE STEPHENS

ON the 18th of April, 1906, began a new era in the history of San Francisco, that is to say a new era in the history of California, for San Francisco has always been the heart of the enterprise, the intellect and the art of California. Those of us who dwell around the bay of San Francisco feel with each renewed month of existence how great is the gap that divides us from our past; we know that the new city cannot be the old city of our love; we are conscious of a new spirit in the men and women that surround us; and we are slowly beginning to realize that the new San Francisco and the new California, however great and representative of the old Californian ideals they may be, can never replace the old. Just as it took years for men

to realize how great was the change from the California of the Spaniards to the California of the American pioneers, just as it took the sons of those same pioneers years to realize the change from the California, reached only by long and arduous journeys, to the California bound to the rest of the United States by the overland railroads, so it may be long before we shall perceive clearly the differentiation of the San Francisco and the California before the Earthquake and the Fire of April, 1906, from the new San Francisco and the new California that is being built materially and morally around us. The exact nature of the difference may not be analyzed for years to come. The same beauty of land and sea, of hillside and bay, will inspire the survivors of the old generation and their descendants of the new generation; the same climate will invigorate the bodies and stimulate the minds of the Californians to come as it did in the past; the same gay courage and hearty love of life which characterized the first American population of California still animates its descendants. But a subtle change is discernible; something of the old sense of security and confidence is gone, and "the old order changes, yielding place to new".

The historian of San Francisco, the historian of Cali-

fornia, nay, the historian of the whole Pacific Coast of America has a natural halting place marked out for him in his record of the passage of time, for many things have come about to mark the opening of a new epoch. The Earthquake and the Fire of April, 1906, merely emphasize with peculiar definiteness the date of the new beginning. The attention of the whole civilized world has been drawn to the Pacific Ocean. The appearance of Japan as a great power, the awakening of China, the making of the Panama canal, the dispatch of the American fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the dispute between the San Francisco school authorities and the Federal government, all signify a new departure. Trained observers and investigators from Europe and eastern States are studying the situation and the northeastern coast of the Pacific Ocean from Alaska to Panama is exciting an interest that it has never excited before, for no one can tell what part it will have to play in the problems of politics and commerce of the century that is just begun.

Intense interest in present conditions implies an interest in the past from which those conditions have evolved. If anyone would understand the Question of the Pacific he must study the conditions that led to the existing civi-

lization upon the northwestern coast of the ocean. To know the geography is not enough; to know existing political conditions is not enough. The history of the Central American States, of Mexico, of California. of Oregon, of Washington, of British Columbia, of Alaska and even of Hawaii, must be studied and re-studied to understand the phases of civilization that have developed in all their likeness and unlikeness. But whence can the desired information be obtained? Where can be found the materials for historical research? How can a means be found to draw out the truth with regard to the past for the enlightenment of the present?

The Academy of Sciences of San Francisco has long done efficient work in promoting the study of the natural sciences, not only in California, but in the whole northeastern Pacific Coast. There has now come into existence at the opening of a new era an Academy of Pacific Coast History to do for the historical sciences what the Academy of Sciences has done for the natural sciences. The field was open; it has now been occupied. From Mexico and British Columbia as well as from the three States of California, Oregon and Washington, men have come forth to support the foundation of a new Academy of History. Every small state of Europe has long possessed

its historical academy for the purpose of taking care of the sources of its history and making them available to scholars and historians; the Eastern states are proud to maintain historical societies to cherish the memory of colonial days and to publish the records of their commonwealths; the States of the Middle West have paid their tribute to historical research; and in both Oregon and Washington historical interest is concentrated in vigorous organizations. But there has been up to this year no organized effort to bind together the work of historical research for the whole of the northwest Pacific Coast. Yet the history of California cannot be interpreted without a knowledge of the history of Mexico, and the history of Oregon and Washington has its origin in the same routes as the history of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. It was this conviction that has led to the foundation of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, which recognizes that the boundaries of its work extend beyond State limits and national divisions, and adopts as its field the whole range of Coast from Alaska to Panama. It interprets its functions as broadly as it ignores political divisions. It embraces within its field ethnology and anthropology; it regards economic history and literary history as as much within its scope as political history;

and it aspires to aid all workers in the field of history upon the northwestern Pacific Coast without regard to special subject or to special race.

Most academies or historical societies spend years in slowly building up collections of historical material and often have to make bricks with very little straw. It is otherwise with the Academy of Pacific Coast History. The Regents of the University of California have handed over the control and administration of the books and manuscripts collected by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, and known as the Bancroft Collection, together with such other historical material as is already in their possession or may come into their possession, to the Council of the Academy of the Pacific Coast History. This generous action starts off the Academy with such an endowment of historical material in its special field as is not possessed by any other body of historical scholars in the United States. The unique character of the Bancroft Collection is better known to European scholars than to those resident on the Pacific Coast. Fifteen years ago Professor Ch. V. Langlois, the recognized master of historical instruction and historical method in France, drew the attention of the learned world to the Bancroft Collection in an article since reprinted, in which indeed he severely criticizes

Mr. Bancroft as a historian, while he eulogizes his persistence and skill as a collector of books and manuscripts. The wealth of the Bancroft Collection is marvelous. It not only contains the various collections of manuscripts, which go under the name of the Vallejo manuscripts, the Larkin manuscripts, etc., which specially pertain to the history of California, but it is also rich in Mexican and Central American manuscripts from the famous Andrade and Squier libraries, including the original proceedings of the first three Church Councils ever held in Mexico. Over and above these vast collections, which it will take years to classify, arrange and publish, must be noted the great Pinart Collection of manuscripts relating to the old Louisiana Territory and the West Indies. Among the Louisiana manuscripts in the Pinart Collection are the papers of the Baron de Carondelet, the last Spanish governor of Louisiana, which have long been sought for in vain by the historians of the southwest and which contain the records of French and Spanish development along the Mississippi in the last quarter of the 18th century. Among the West Indian manuscripts in the Pinart Collection are original documents dealing not only with the Spanish Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, but also with the Danish Islands of Saint Thomas and St. Croix

and the Dutch Islands of Saint Eustatius and Curacao. It is not too much to say that this is the greatest collection of manuscripts in the United States outside the Library of Congress at Washington and that these manuscripts present an untilled field to the historian. The publication of even a brief summary of their contents will give the Academy of Pacific Coast History a wide reputation wherever history is studied.

Of particular interest to Californians must always be the transcript made at Mr. Bancroft's expense from the archives of California, which used to be preserved in the Surveyor-General's office in San Francisco. In 1851 the records of the Spanish and Mexican government in California were assembled in San Francisco forming several hundred volumes. These volumes were burned in the great fire of April, 1906, but fortunately Mr. Bancroft had perceived their value and had had an elaborate abstract made of them. "My work", he writes, with an almost prophetic feeling, in a volume published in 1890, "was an abridgment of the archives, which would be of immense public value in case of loss by fire of the original documents". The title of every paper was given; the more important documents were copied in full, while the others were given in substance only.

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It will have been noted that the Regents of the University of California entrust to the control of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, not only the various collections which make up the Bancroft Collection, but also the historical material which was in their possession at the time of the acquisition of the Bancroft Library. The most important part of this historical material is the Robert E. Cowan Collection presented to the University of California some years ago by Mr. Collis P. Huntington. Part of the Cowan Collection is known as the Halleck Collection of manuscripts. When General Halleck was practicing as a lawyer in San Francisco before the outbreak of the Civil War, he conceived the plan of writing a history of California, and for that purpose took from the archives all the most valuable documents. These documents have never been used since, and by the irony of fate they, like the Bancroft transcripts, were saved from the Great Fire by being in Berkeley, and are now reunited to their former companions.

This is not the place to speak of the great collection of printed books, which has been placed under the control of the Academy of Pacific Coast History. It is enough to say that it comprises the richest collection of Mexican books in the United States, one of the most complete

collections of Pacific Ocean voyages in the world, and a practically complete collection of California.

The administration of this vast collection of manuscripts and books, from which alone the history of the civilization of the northeastern coast of the Pacific Ocean can be truly drawn, presents many difficult problems. But, as was pointed out in the opening paragraphs, a new and vigorous interest has sprung up in the history of the Pacific Coast and the founders of the Academy of Pacific Coast History have no fear that they will not be heartily and liberally supported in their endeavor to make accessible to scholars the wealth of their collection and to make known to the whole world the documents upon which a knowledge of the doings of our predecessors and ancestors upon this coast may be safely and surely established.

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OU have slept o'er long, me lords. San Francisco, the scourged, is not in a humor for ribaldry. We have suffered enough for the evils of others not to take kindly to belated activity toward the rehabilitation of the town. Joke or no joke, the suggestion that the City Hall be restored is an insult to San Francisco, coming as it does from a quarter that persisted some months past that we had suddenly become too poor for any use.

The City Hall in ruins, cracked, twisted, and surmounted by a vulture, is a fitting monument to the stupidity, greed and debauchery it has witnessed in public office. To reincarnate it would be very like erecting a monument to disdainful property owners and the

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May

stubborn among us who have squatted for months in the pathway of civic improvement.

Be it known here and forevermore that private owners of land bordering the sidewalk of a thoroughfare have the same rights thereon that you and I have — no more, no less. The dust, dirt and loose building matter now fairly choking certain downtown streets came there after the fire, and remains there, to the discomfiture of you and me, through the cold-blooded indifference to your and my rights, of property-holding obstructionists and incompetent builders.

We have a new civic administration — clear the streets. In the face of the tremendous task imposed upon willing property owners and honest common citizens, no individual has a right to use one foot of a street for a dumping ground of either new or refuse materials.

Blow the City Hall up and make the grass grow green and flowers bloom over the spot.

Gentlemen, me lords, San Francisco has moved since you slept. Lift the mist from your eyes and the quake from your hearts. We are chasing the devil out of town and clearing the plague spots of the city. Take care of "your own sidewalks" and move your mortar piles, that we may move freely.

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SAN FRANCISCO'S City Hall, as originally designed, was a masterpiece in its way — a tour de force in the art of fooling egotistical building committees. On paper it cost an architect's hire, but in enduring material its cost would be beyond any city. The foundation and the first course of stone absorbed nearly two millions — the estimated price of the completed edifice — and perhaps not one citizen in a thousand knows that it was never completed.

American municipalities have yet to learn that the extravaganza in architecture, builded in the cheap, reflects disagreeably on their business sense rather than on their artistic judgment. We may expect an artistic failure in any hands at any time, but for a public or quasi-public institution to build, in an unbusinesslike fashion — to create its offices hideously and still find no room for convenience and the sweet air of nature, condemns it as acking in understanding.

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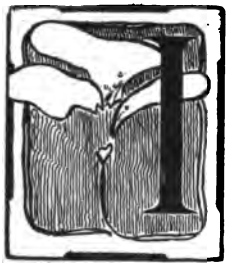

N the heyday of youth the writer poured over the drawings of our City Hall — as proposed. They were marvels of what a draughtsman, dense to common sense and untiring in frivolous inventiveness, could do in the way of mechanical draughtsmanship. As intimated, they were beyond price—priceless, and well suited to swell the pride of the average building committee of a public or quasi-public institution. Later in life I have roamed over the half-completed walls and sketched them while sitting on a fence within ear shot of Denis Kearney —

> "Alas! poor Yoric! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest. . . and smelt so, pah!"

And now they would revive the jest. Gentlemen, you are ribald in the presence of death and a decrepit skeleton.

The dome of the City Hall, an ill-advised addition to the main structure, consummated during the Elliot administration, never fitted. It stuck out over the natural bearings of the foundations and overlapped one corner of the great court. So it fell. It cost near a half million of

dollars — enough to provide accommodations for all our city officials in a building of the modern type of office buildings. To rebuild it would be merely to invite another catastrophy. To even dream of restoring the whole bankrupts our understanding, but to attempt such a task is beyond comprehension — incomprehensible. Verily, the wakeful ideas of the derelict and the stubborn in times of need are worse than the nightmares of the insane. Use your common business sense, sleepy gentlemen, and leave the arts to artists — and the damned to the damned. We don't want the City Hall restored, and what is more it can't be revived for less than six millions of hard cash. You might patch it for the half, but heavens, what a spectacle — what a presence to set before a people already scourged beyond endurance.

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An editorial in one of our journals cautioning the good citizen to get behind the Mayor, reminds us of a story,

A little girl of tender years had been often told that when inclined to disobey instructions, she should bid temptation get behind her, which fact eventually became twisted in her mind as follows:

The blackberry bush with its tempting fruits was a sore trial in her life, as it bore one of the forbidden fruits, but she ate of the berries, and being chided for the dereliction, answered:

"But, mamma, you said I should tell the devil to get behind me, and I did, and then he pushed me right into the blackberry bush".

We are of the mind that one Mayor with the devil behind has been enough for us, and that the proper place for the worthy citizen is in front where the Mayor may see him clearly.

Philopolis

LL the folly of men and but little of the wisdom of the Master is found in the books. Books, like the people, for they make them, are arbitrary, dictatorial, rambling, chaotic, and insufficient, except in specific cases. Therefore, men should not swallow each others books any more than they should eat one another. Cold type is as indigestible as an underdone potato, or an alcohol saturated sailor. Merely because a man has gone to the trouble of elaborating a misconception of things and printing it in a book is no reason for pinning our faith on his coat tails. Consequently, when we draw a choice between men who avoid reading and those who read in blind faith in paper and type, our choice always falls on the non-reader of books. He usually has his native wit at least. Therefore, finally and herewith, and by these presents, we believe a library should not be too conveniently located but should be beautifully enveloped by the other arts and placed high enough above the head that all men may see that the all in all of life can not get into a book, regardless of what the book worm thinks.

Philopolis

N a visit to his native town Guilford, in North Carolina, Speaker Cannon was called upon for a few words, and he took occasion to discuss state rights and centralization of power at the Nation's Capital. The tendency, says Mr. Cannon, is for the individual to look to governmental organizations for financial, judicial, political, and all other kinds of aid and assistance. Self-denial and self-reliance of the individual seem to be a thing of the past. There is no more pitching in and doing the job one's self; little resolute spirit of self-help and home rule. Instead, the interested party appeals to the township, the township to the county, the county to the state, the state to the nation; and work harder to get the contribution than it is worth. It is humiliating to see this borrowing tendency develop. The individual loses his freedom, and the state, by not exercising its rights and powers, forces the nation to assume and exercise them. A borrower must expect to lose control of himself a little beyond the extent of his borrowing, and it is only logical that the nation assumes control where it has furnished the means. Are the rights

and independence of the individual state to disappear gradually and make room for one centralized power in the nation, or is it time to call a halt and encourage individual rights and self-help?

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